

# THE YOUNG MAN

## A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

### PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH AT HOME.

#### A TALK WITH THE YOUNG MAN'S PARSON.

Most young men in the City of London are familiar with the jovial countenance, the down-right speech, and many with the hearty handshake of the Rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. His handsome church—one of Wren's—in Queen Victoria Street, is the rendezvous of hundreds of bright, active young spirits, who are first drawn thither chiefly because the gay, fearless incumbent is so utterly unlike the average parson. Charles Kingsley is one of Professor Shuttleworth's heroes, and in some respects there is a close resemblance between the two clergymen.

Like Parson Lot, the young Rector boldly does things which simply horrify the unco' guid. I have no doubt he is regarded by certain otherwise estimable people as an emissary of the Evil One, who in clerical garb is dragging unsuspecting young souls down

to the pit. So different may be the methods of those who are aiming at the same end!

Hemmed in on all sides by "towers of Babel," as the Rector genially calls the tall, ugly warehouses that surround his dwelling, St. Nicholas Rectory is planted, close to the church, in Lambeth Hill—a narrow, tortuous thoroughfare sloping down to the Thames. Built of red brick, in the Queen Anne style, its windows artistically draped, and brightened with flowers, the Rectory is in striking contrast to its bare, grim neighbours, with their overhanging cranes and

protruding flaps. How Professor Shuttleworth manages in such an environment to grow the rich roses which bloom on his ample cheeks is a problem I have tried in vain to solve.

"You seem to thrive on City air," I remarked, noting the flush of



PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH'S DRAWING-ROOM.

[From a Photo by RUSSELL & SONS, 17, Baker Street, W.]



health, the bright roguish eye, and air of buoyant happiness.

"Am I not a standing advertisement of the salubrity of the City?" the Rector blithely returns, expanding his sturdy figure to its full size. "I have lived here for eighteen years, and have never had a day's illness. But it is difficult to keep one's children in health; they have to go into the country pretty frequently. There is a sad lack of facilities for athletic exercise in the City. I wish the wealthy civic fathers would give us a good gymnasium and swimming-bath."

"Did you choose to dwell here?"

"It was like this. The site belongs to the living; when I came it was vacant, and there was a sum of money for building a Rectory. I had to decide whether to build and live on the spot, or to get leave, as doubtless I could have done, to live elsewhere, and use the money for general parochial purposes. I decided to build, and I am very glad I did; for I never could have done what I have been able to do if I had not lived on the spot."

"Although the City is supposed to be empty on Sundays, you seem to have no difficulty in getting good congregations," said I, remembering how crowded the church has been when I have been there.

"Well, I was minor canon of St. Paul's for seven years, and I thus got to know many young people engaged in the City. When I accepted the living from the Dean and Chapter, St. Nicholas was the worst attended of all the City churches. We did nothing in particular to attract people, did not go in for anything sensational; we had not then even a choir, and the service was quite plain. But we have never lacked a good congregation."

"And you have three services a day?"

"Five usually, sometimes six. The best average attendance is in the evening, when we have a plain parish service, without elaborate music or anything special." But it should be added that Professor Shuttleworth always preaches at this service. In the morning, at 11.15, a choral communion is held, and the afternoon is usually devoted to a lecture, or an oratorio.

"Yours, I believe, is largely a ministry to young men?"

"And women; and, of course, we get a proportion of older folk: but the evening service is certainly remarkable for the attendance of young men. I keep a register of the people who wish to be considered members of the congregation, and it shows that a considerable majority of them live in the City."

"How is it that young men are so largely outside the Church?"

Quick as lightning came the answer. "Partly because parsons forget they were ever young

themselves, partly because many of them are afraid to use what are called secular weapons, and partly because of a certain restlessness which is characteristic of our time. Men have got more freedom, and they use it. And," the Rector added, with a reminiscent smile, "there is the uncomfortable recollection of what Sunday schools used to be in the days of their boyhood. My experience is that boys brought up in church schools; and the regular Sunday scholars, shake the dust off their feet directly they become independent. Almost all our organisations fail to provide for the difficult age between thirteen and eighteen."

"What should be done then?"

"Ah, that is a difficult question," the Rector responded, in slower tones. "It is not everybody who can deal with young people of that age—parents know how hard it is with their own children. A man or a woman—and often a woman can do it best—who knows how to deal with young fellows in their teens gets an extraordinary hold of them."

"Does that mean that women should take a more active part in Church work?"

"Agreed. Of course there are difficulties, but the right kind of woman can do for young men of that age what very few men can do."

"Do you believe in treating social questions in the pulpit?"

"Certainly. Mind, I do not think a man ought to use a privileged position like a pulpit simply to glorify his own party, when he knows he cannot be answered. Frederick Robertson used to call the pulpit 'coward's castle,' because he saw men, surrounded by their friends and secure from reply, using it to denounce those who differed from them. On the other hand, if the Christian teaching-platform has no moral and spiritual lessons to enforce in regard to the great social questions of the time, well, then, I am sorry for it. It is very largely because the Church has not had—or rather, has not given—any word upon these great questions that the working classes have drifted away. Now that she is beginning to speak that word, they are coming back."

"Is the opening of your church for the greater part of every day for prayer and reading and meditation appreciated?"

"Very much. I always felt that this is one of the uses to which the City churches might very well be put. There is no place in the world where people want a quiet spot so much as the City of London; and the atmosphere of prayer and spiritual association is exactly what they need as a relief from the harass and worry of business." It was some time before Professor Shuttleworth could carry out his idea, owing to the expense of a caretaker. At first the church



was opened without one, but the van-boys in Knightrider Street used the porch, as the Rector suggestively put it, "for purposes for which it was not intended."

"Will you tell me," I next asked, "what you think about Y.M.C.A. work in London?"

"I consider that that Association deserves the very highest praise for tackling a class which is, perhaps, of all classes the most difficult to reach, and which no other society had attempted to get at when the Y.M.C.A. was started—I mean the young men in the big warehouses. But with all its merits the Y.M.C.A. has one conspicuous defect, and that is the inquisition clause, which requires a would-be member to satisfy one of the committee of his conversion to God." After a moment's pause the Rector added with characteristic frankness, "I think that is abominable! and I have reason, based on personal experience, for saying so. Not only has this inquisition clause driven many young fellows away, but I have known it to have a bad moral effect on others—they have professed to accept what they did not believe. Even if it were a good thing in itself," Professor Shuttleworth went on in rapid, vehement tones, "it leaves outside the sphere of its operation the very class that it is most desirable to get at. It goes for pious Jacob, who has twenty-five thousand clergy to look after him, and leaves poor Esau out in the cold. The problem before the Church to-day is, What to do with Esau? Are you going to leave him outside with his athletics and his too-keen enjoyment, perhaps, of the pleasures of the sense, and say you will have nothing to do with him, and devote yourself entirely to pious Jacob? Now," smiling brightly, "I am Esau's chaplain, and always have been—my sympathies are with him."



[From a Photo by H. S. MENDELSSOHN,  
Pembroke Crescent, W.]

*Yours very truly*

*W. Shuttleworth:*

"Do you think, then, that the Y.M.C.A., if only to attract Esau, should open a smoke-room?"

"Certainly. Smoking may be a bad habit" (Mr. Shuttleworth took an extra vigorous pull at the cigar he had been smoking throughout our conversation); "we will grant that for the sake of argument" (puff); "but the fact remains that at least two-thirds of our young men do smoke, and they won't go where they can't take



their pipes. You have got to deal with young men, not as they should be, but as they are."

"Might not the same argument be applied to liquor?"

"I apply it frankly. There the great thing is to develop a sense of honour and of self-restraint. When we were starting the St. Nicholas Club, the question was, Shall we sell liquor? We decided to do so, and we have never regretted it. If we had not sold liquor, Esau, who likes something more than ginger beer with his mess of pottage, would not have joined the club, or if he did, he would not go without his beer, but would walk across the street to get it. Thus I should defeat my object at the very outset. I should lose Esau. Therefore at our club those who want beer can have it—of good quality and unadulterated."

"How does this work out in practice?"

"First, we sell so little liquor that it hardly pays us; second, no one at the club has ever taken too much. Public opinion is too strong for that. If any member so far forgot himself, he would be put downstairs with promptitude. That this has never been necessary I attribute largely to the influence of our women members."

"Do you think the Y.M.C.A. ought to follow your example, and open its doors to women members?"

"I do. It would be much better if young people mixed more freely than they do. I think that is one way to check the selfish habits that club-life is apt to engender."

"Then, may I take it, you approve Mr. Atkins's suggestion that the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. should unite?"

"Yes, though I speak with some reserve, because I am simply a spectator, and an outsider does not know all the ins and outs of a great institution like the Y.M.C.A. But, arguing from my own experience with our club, I should advocate amalgamation."

St. Nicholas Club is at present located on three top floors of 81, Queen Victoria Street. It comprises a large drawing-room, supplied with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, with a permanent stage for entertainments, lectures, etc.; a commodious library; a refreshment-room and bar, with club "ordinary" at midday and evening at 1s. 3d.; and a large games-room, with two full-sized billiard tables. The club is open daily from 12.30 to 11 p.m.; on Sundays from 12.15 to 10.30. The subscription is 15s. yearly, and the club is managed by a Committee elected by and from the members. There is no religious test of any kind, and Mr. Shuttleworth told me he is careful never to speak as a parson to his young men when in the club, where he meets them as man and man on neutral ground. "But, curiously enough," he remarked, with a confidential

air, "I find they drift across the road to the Church, and then, of course, I can say what I like in my own special province." The club, which numbers 400 members, one-third being women, has outgrown its present accommodation, and from his study window the President pointed out to me, with natural satisfaction, the foundations of the new building—the result of his unremitting zeal. The new site covers 1,200 square feet, and Mr. Shuttleworth hopes that when the work is complete they will have accommodation for a thousand members. It may be well to state that gambling of any and every kind is strictly forbidden on the club premises. "Although the club is primarily intended for Esau," the Rector explained with a merry twinkle, "Jacob is not uncomfortable." All through the winter monthly dances are held in connection with the club, "and very good they are," Mr. Shuttleworth assured me, evidently speaking from pleasant recollection, though he does not dance himself.

Theatre-going was our next topic, I asking Professor Shuttleworth what he would advise young men in regard to it.

"Exactly the same," he promptly responded, "as in regard to novels or poetry or painting: use and enjoy the good, leave the bad severely alone. The drama is only one department of Art, and the rule which governs our use of all other branches applies there also. I am a regular and incurable playgoer. I have no illusions as to the stage; I do not think it the noblest of all professions, or that all the people on it are saints and angels. My experience is that actors and actresses are much like other people—neither better nor worse."

"May I ask whether you would allow a daughter of yours to go on the stage?"

"No—for the simple reason that the stage as a profession is overcrowded. But if she had exceptional talents, and wished to use them, I certainly should not object on moral grounds."

"You have, I believe, several relatives on the stage; may I ask what is their experience of theatrical life?"

"My brother, a clergyman, married a well-known London actress. They came from the same village, and had known each other all their lives. She saw a good deal of the seamy side of stage-life before she reached the high place she attained in her profession; and I believe her opinion is the same as mine. My wife's sister is also on the stage, and her opinion, too, is much the same as mine. I have other relatives on the stage, and without having definitely asked the question, my impression is they would agree with me, both as regards the moral atmosphere of the stage and the overcrowded state of the profession, and that therefore it is not desirable unless very great talent is shown for a





PROFESSOR SHUTTLEWORTH IN HIS STUDY.

[From a Photo by RUSSELL &amp; SONS, 17, Baker Street, W.]

girl to make it her calling. Without such talent there is very little chance of coming to the front and the drudgery of the provincial player is far harder than the public imagine—it is simply terrible. That is the only ground on which I should object to a daughter of mine going on the stage. It seems to me that the moral dangers of the theatrical calling are neither more nor less than the moral dangers of say the post-office or the counter, or similar departments of public life which a woman may follow for her living.”

“Do you go with Mr. Stewart Headlam in his glorification of the ballet?”

“Ballet-dancing does not appeal to me—does not interest me at all. Of course what I have said refers to the stage proper, and not to the ballet or music-hall or opera or anything but the drama. Those are all distinct branches of art.”

“As to Sunday recreation?”

“I see no objection to it in the abstract. To me the idea of Sunday is twofold—recreation and worship, and there is no reason but one why recreation should not be followed upon the Sunday if the duty of worship is paid. That one reason is that Sunday excursions must needs involve the labour of a good many public servants. But in any case, in a highly organised community, some must work for the benefit of the rest. If, for instance, you allow servants to make beds or cook dinners; if you allow milk-

men and telegraph operators, or any other public servants, to work even for only a short time on Sunday, you concede the principle that some must work on that day for the convenience of the community. Therefore what the community has to do is to recognise that in this high-pressure age the needs of recreation are so pressing that in the interests of public health some persons must work on Sunday in order to minister to the needs of the majority; and the community should see to it that such persons get their holiday on another day in the week. It ought not to be beyond the capacity of a civilized nation to arrange that every worker gets one day's rest in seven. If in some instances that day is not Sunday, it will be for the Christian Church to provide opportunities for such persons to worship on their rest day. It is so on the Continent, and there is no reason why it should not be so here.”

Although Mr. Shuttleworth is far removed from the typical theological professor, he holds at King's College the chair of Pastoral Theology, which he defines as “sanctified common-sense.” Speaking of the College, he remarked: “Like a good many other educational institutions, it suffers from want of money, but it does better work upon very small means than most institutions of the kind. There is some prejudice against it, because it is regarded as a denominational institution; but it is a mistake to sup-



pose that every student at King's must submit to a theological test. The various faculties of science, engineering, arts, etc., may be entered by a man of any creed. The only point objected to is the rule of the charter that every Professor must be a member of the Church of England. On this ground the Government grant of £1,700 has been withdrawn. I do not care to go into that question, but I should like to point out that this College is by common consent one of the best educational institutions in London. As the University of London is merely an examining body, the only teaching institutions of University rank in the Metropolis, until the establishment of the University Extension Classes, were

King's and University Colleges. They have borne the burden and heat of the day, and it is certainly desirable that some teaching University should be established in London, although on what lines is a very difficult and unsettled question."

"Is the College work congenial to you?"

"Very. It consists in preparing young men for the ministry, and I find it most interesting. There is one drawback. Having no endowment, we have to depend almost wholly on students' fees, and that has had the effect of making the course too short. It is only two years, when it ought to be three, and I should prefer five."

A. D.

### A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.<sup>1</sup>

WE cordially congratulate Mr. Jackson on his first book. Our readers know Mr. Jackson; he conducted our Reading Circle last year with singular ability, and he has since contributed other papers of equal interest. He preaches to the largest congregation in Edinburgh, and is widely known as a trusted teacher and inspiring friend of young men. His first book contains sixteen addresses on such subjects as "What is it to be a Christian?" "A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible," "Temptation," "Enthusiasm," "Modern Idolatry," "The Unanswerable Argument for Christianity," etc. We have no hesitation in saying that this is one of the most helpful books for young men we have read for years. Mr. Jackson has broad sympathies, a distinct literary gift, and the advantage of wide reading; but he also possesses what

some writers for young men seem to lack—genuine evangelical fervour. This book is not made up of merely graceful essays—it has burning messages from the big heart of an enthusiastic teacher, and consequently it must touch the innermost heart of the reader and leave a deep impression on character and conduct. The chapters entitled "The Manliness of Christ," and "A Saved Soul and a Lost Life," are alone worth more than the price of the volume. *First Things First* is not a book to be borrowed, it should be bought and read and kept on the bookshelf. We shall be glad indeed if the readers of THE YOUNG MAN compel the genial publishers of Mr. Jackson's book to go to press immediately with a second edition. Outwardly the volume is a thing of beauty, charmingly printed, and artistically got up. It does infinite credit to all concerned in its production, and we predict for it a solid and genuine success.

<sup>1</sup> *First Things First: Addresses to Young Men.* By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

### "PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, QUOTATIONS."

IN response to many urgent requests, we have decided to publish a limited edition of our album of *Portraits, Autographs, and Quotations*. This remarkable little booklet is beautifully printed on the finest paper, and nicely bound and sewn with ribbon. It contains new portraits, specially prepared, of a number of the most prominent leaders in thought and action, with the passages of prose or poetry which have influenced them most, and given them the greatest delight. These quotations, which were specially supplied at the request of the Editor, have been carefully reproduced in facsimile. Amongst those who have contributed to this

handsome and unique booklet are:—Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Conan Doyle, Dr. Joseph Parker, Mr. Hall Caine, Sir B. W. Richardson, Sarah Grand, Mr. Le Gallienne, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Lord Charles Beresford, Jane Barlow, Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, Professor Blackie, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Mary Davies, Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Professor Fairbairn, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Professor Max Müller, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. W. E. Norris, Canon Wilberforce, Mr. H. M. Stanley, etc. The album is published at 6d., by S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, E.C., and can be ordered through any bookseller.

\*.\* There is no better Christmas present than a good Magazine Volume. The new volumes of THE YOUNG MAN and *The Young Woman* are now ready, handsomely bound in cloth, at 5s., and the volume of *The Home Messenger*, also

richly bound in cloth, is issued at 2s. There is something in these Magazines to satisfy every variety of taste, and we shall be glad if our readers will see them before deciding upon their presents for Christmas and the New Year.



## IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

## VI.—OLD LETTERS OF A CONTEMPORARY OF CHRIST.

THERE exist to-day some old letters, fragments of a correspondence part of which has been lost, written from twenty to twenty-eight years after Jesus disappeared. Their author was a contemporary of the Nazarene, and might possibly have seen Him at Jerusalem. He was a university man, having studied at the leading college of the capital, over which the most illustrious professor of the day presided. He was a young man, evidently of strong mental calibre and masterly ability, and he always looked back upon his *alma mater* with pride.

The authenticity of these letters is universally admitted. Even those who differ from the views which they express pronounce their genuineness to be "undisputed and indisputable." They are studded with bits of autobiography and the usual details of friendly letters, convey greetings to acquaintances by name, mention prospective visits, and make frequent reference to private and personal affairs.

As we hear of these letters, that take us back nearly 1,840 years, we are impatient to know whether they mention Jesus of Nazareth. If so, in what terms do they speak of Him? Is He merely a sage, moralist, and humanitarian? Has the story of the descent of the Divine Son begun to take shape at this early period?

An intuitive fear on this point has at times haunted me, and certain recent writings have popularized the disturbing question. May not the Christ-story, like the legends of King Arthur and his Round Table, have gathered round a small kernel of fact and grown up slowly during the course of the first century? May not later generations have woven around the good Nazarene's head a halo of the miraculous and the Divine?

Fervently have we wished that the Palestine Exploration Fund might find some old documents that would settle the question and relieve our secret fears. Perhaps we have here the very documents we crave, as fresh and decisive as if they had been dug up yesterday, written by a contemporary of Christ, about His own age, who had been a student at Jerusalem, had left it apparently for a good many years, and then had returned soon after the Crucifixion, when the strange story was still novel.

From what he tells of his own history in these letters, and from other fairly trustworthy accounts, he appears to have been on

intimate terms with the leading rabbis and other Jewish authorities in the city of David, and to have been an agent of the very set that had done Jesus to death. Being an energetic young man of, say, thirty-three, and an intense Jew, he was made a sort of Claverhouse, commissioned to hunt these wretched Jesus-people; and, as he himself confesses, he harried their nest and struck terror into their hearts.

He incidentally tells his correspondents how, as he went about his inquisitorial work, he had been completely turned round, and how, himself a Christian now, he spent a fortnight with Peter and James at Jerusalem. Fifteen years later we find him a foreign missionary, away on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. He has been itinerating, and, halting at certain points on his tour, his mind goes back anxiously to the mission stations which he has been founding; and he sends letters to the companies of Christians he has left behind him, advising, encouraging, instructing them and telling them of his own affairs and state of health.

Leaping back over the centuries and putting ourselves down at their date, Jesus was done to death only twenty-four years ago, and here are letters from a missionary who became a Christian some twenty years ago, and had lived with Peter, James the brother of Jesus, and other Christians. They have been sent by hand over the sea, and lie before us, warm with the man's enthusiasm and personality. It all happened just about twenty-four years ago, and we are reading letters referring to it, letters never meant to be preserved and seen by later critical eyes.

How far is the Christ-story advanced as reflected in these letters? Is it only half grown? What was the sort of Christianity which he found in vogue and was constrained to believe twenty years ago? Dip into them anywhere and see.

Do they leave us in doubt whether Jesus was regarded at that contemporary hour as a superhuman manifestation, or only as a moral model? "The gospel of Christ, who is the image of God"; "Of whom is Christ, who is over all, God blessed for ever." He is "the Lord of glory," whom "God sent in the likeness of sinful flesh."

Are the Cross and redemption as prominent in the contemporary ideas of Christ as they are to-day? "Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ



Jesus"; and the same idea recurs endlessly. What His dignity is we may gather from the statement that "we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ." "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

Do they mention the Holy Spirit and miracles? "He that supplieth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you."

Do these letters refer to the resurrection of Jesus, as if it were an expanding legend still in its simpler shape? "Christ was buried and rose again the third day; after that He was seen by above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present," etc.

These fragments convey no adequate impression of the Divineness which the letter-writer sees in Christ, of the worshipping devotion poured out upon Him in every paragraph. Each page is radiant with "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

But why does he make no mention of the miracles ascribed to Jesus in the Gospels? Are we to infer that they were not part of the story current at the time? But over and over again he quotes the Resurrection, the one *vital* miracle in the life of Christ. Christ's whole origin, status, mission, work, and destiny, the writer pictures as the supreme miracle. The events of Christ's life he mentions no more than His miracles, with the exception of the significant events at the close of that life. The reason in both cases alike is that the author of these letters *has a mind for thoughts, doctrines, the philosophy of that life*, rather than for rehearsing its incidents. Moreover, the omission cannot point to Jesus as non-miraculous, for miracles are mentioned as still being wrought by the power of that Name.

A more serious difficulty regarding the value of these documents meets us when we find traces of rival factions and hot disputes about Christian subjects. The writer betrays that there are parties and teachers who oppose him and differ from him. What, then, if his statement of Christianity was not the Christianity generally received by the first disciples? But the very controversies disclosed in these letters make plain what exactly was in dispute and what was taken for granted as common ground. The war of words does not rage round the person, the dignity, the resurrection, the redemption, of Christ. His opponents quarrel with him on two points, and apparently only two.

For one thing, they refuse to recognise his authority as an apostle, since he has not seen Christ in the flesh. We heartily thank them—as we thank Kingsley *vs* Newman—for thus putting the man on his mettle and rousing him to an *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*. For he is compelled to recount certain important por-

tions of his history in vindication of his right to proclaim the Gospel. He protests that he has all the signs of an apostle, and, to boot, that he had spent a fortnight with Peter and other apostles, who "gave me the right hand of fellowship."

The real dispute, the burning question, which threw the first Christians into opposing camps, was the question whether the "heathen," in entering the Christian Church, were to be saddled with Jewish rites and ordinances. One of these letters, indeed, was drawn from the writer by the relapse of a little mission community into Jewish legalism. Apparently the writer and Peter had once had a hot quarter of an hour over the latter's trimming policy and vacillation on this very matter. The only other questions raised in these letters are—whether the Second Advent was to occur forthwith; whether Christians ought to be ascetics and avoid certain meats; whether prophecy was greater than speaking with tongues.

These very disputes, so frankly discussed, throw into stronger distinctness the unanimity of the first Christians upon the common truth they held regarding the Divine Christ and His redeeming mission. About Himself, His sublime dignity, His spiritual work, there is no faintest trace of a difference of opinion. Were the correspondent even striving to carefully prove these lofty conceptions of Christ, one might be disposed to infer that these conceptions were not universally received. But as to Christ Himself, apparently they all occupy common ground.

Note particularly that in these letters, and indeed in all early documents and localities, there is no trace of any party who conceived Jesus to have been a purely human and ethical teacher. *If* such a view of Him existed at the time, why no scrap of writing, no little band of disciples, no single spokesman apparently, left to represent that view of Him?

Now, it is well known that sceptical critics suppose—and here the tug of war comes—that the story of the humanitarian Rabbi grew as it went; that like other half-legendary histories, as eye-witnesses died and new generations, greedy of the marvellous, heard the tale retold, the Nazarene teacher became gradually transfigured, encircled with a halo of the supernatural. Hence critics who have this conviction deep in their minds strive to bring the date of the Gospels far down into the second century. They do this in order to allow time for legendary additions to grow and gather round the early story.

But these old letters, by all admitted to be genuine, and written within twenty-four years of the events—do they carry the reflection of a half-developed legend of Jesus? How much of the Gospel history and creed do they contain?



They incidentally mention—and they are not a biography of Him, but mere fragments of a correspondence—that Jesus was, “according to the flesh” (on the human side), “born of a woman,” yet had “emptied Himself and become poor,” and, indeed, was “God blessed for ever.” They incidentally mention that He had “brothers,” one of whom was named James, and that three of His twelve apostles were Peter, James, and John. They picture One who “knew no sin,” was meek and gentle, pleased not Himself, and much more of the sort. They mention that, anticipating His crucifixion, He established a memorial supper in bread and wine; that He was betrayed, put to death on a cross, and buried; that He was raised from the dead on the third day; that He was afterwards personally seen by the Eleven, and by hundreds still living at the date of the letters; that He now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for us, having sent the Holy Spirit and His miraculous gifts; that He will come again to judge the world; and that meanwhile we are redeemed and sanctified in Him.

The great facts of His life, the great central truths of our mature creeds, are here. The Christ of these letters is as complete, the story as fully developed, as what we find in the four Gospels themselves. Could such a ripe and rounded legend, so well knit and firmly built, grow up in the course of twenty-four years? Every literary student knows that legends require fifty to a hundred years to take form; but here, twenty-four years after the events, the story is complete, and embodied in an inter-continental correspondence.

Nor is the story being broached for the first time. It is not just emerging. Not only has it been proclaimed at Jerusalem, but missionaries have already gone forth to the foreign mission field with it, as far relatively as China is from us to-day; and these are letters from one of the pioneers to his little mission communities. Christianity has already been preached to many and welcomed by numbers in the great cities all round the Mediterranean, and here are letters to the converts over the sea hundreds of miles away.

They take us much farther back even than that. This very man had been a Christian about twenty out of these twenty-four years; had been in Jerusalem shortly after the Crucifixion; as a persecutor, had known what could be said against the new cult and its Founder; and had associated with the Apostles and personal companions of Jesus, both at Jerusalem and at Damascus. He knew what had been the current story of Christ, both among foes and friends, within four years of the events. There was no dreamy interval,

during which poetic longings could expand and crystallize into legends, and finally wrap their hero in a nimbus of wonder-working and Divinity.

He was on the spot at the time; met the actors in the tragedy on both sides; was first an enemy, then convinced of his error; had since, as appears in these letters, been thrice beaten, thrice shipwrecked, once stoned, five times had received forty stripes save one—all, and much more, for the sake of the subject of the story. And here are his very letters, free, frank, and fresh, as if hot from his hand yesterday, the ardent outpourings of his heart, never meant to be scanned by alien eyes: and they contain all the Christianity we hold dear. Where, then, are you going to get in your slow-growing legends?

It will not do to dismiss this testimony because the writer is Paul, and his letters are in the Canon. We are entitled to take them as ordinary human witnesses, so far as they are genuine. I am not, for the nonce, assuming that what they teach is *true*. I am using them simply because they are universally allowed to have been written by this man, and because they serve to show one thing, the single purpose of this paper: that fully developed Christianity was, at any rate, currently believed and preached during the first twenty years of its career.

The authoress of *Robert Elsmere* called this man “the fallible man of genius, so weak logically (!), so strong in poetry, in rhetoric, in moral passion.” Ah! was it all poetry and rhetoric? The knout with which he was scourged and the shipwrecks and stonings, you would think, would have taken the poetry out of him. His back is all scarred with the marks of sufferings willingly endured for very love to his message and his Master; and yet elegant writers and dainty theorists come forward to tell us that it was all poetry and rhetoric! Whose is the poetry, I wonder—Paul’s or their own?

Renan thinks Paul may have preached the Resurrection knowing it to have been a fraud. Strange man Paul! Strange people in these ancient days, all glad to trudge far, and suffer the lash and the loss of all things, and be killed, all for the love of a fraud!

Do not befool us. Let us get these old letters back again, yellow with 1,840 years, blotted with the writer’s tears of pity, yet lit up with One Name and one deathless faith and hope. And as I read them once more, my heart, struck dumb by the challenge of the critic, rushes out to join the writer as he exclaims: “Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”



## AN AFFAIR OF OYSTERS.

## A BIT OF REAL EXPERIENCE.

"WHY were you so uncompromising about the oysters at supper, David? Anything suspicious in the look of them?"

"No. But I never eat oysters."

"Never eat oysters! Why, man, don't you know that oysters are——"

"Yes, I know. Yet I never touch them."

"How's that?"

"Well, there's a reason,—a kind of story, in fact."

"Ah! a story. Let's have it. Another smoke won't do us any harm; and I'll throw up this bedroom window. Our host won't object."

"I don't mind giving you the yarn, such as it is. Neither of us would sleep just now, anyhow. The Fleet Street habit of going to bed at three in the morning doesn't do in the country. Pass the matches."

David Gilmour lit his pipe with the careful deliberateness of a Scotsman, and then settled himself in the easy-chair as he said,—

"It's getting to be an old story now,—goes back to the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, in fact. You remember the crash?"

"Of course I do. Had to leave the University that year. The governor burst up."

"Well, there were a lot of people in Scotland who got into a tight place over that business. I was one of them. The firm of drysalters who paid me sixty-five pounds a year as a clerk, suddenly found that they could dispense with my valuable services. I was chucked. You know what that means, Jack, in bad times."

"Should think I do! All your friends, neighbours, countrymen, burning with zeal to help you. No use. The newspaper advertisement a snare and a delusion. Will-o'-the-wisp expectations snuffed out one by one. Your hopes (and your shoe-leather) getting thinner and thinner. Now you are savage, and now you are sick, sick. Yes, I've been through that mill, old fellow. Go on."

"It's a sort of mill that grinds exceeding small. In two months I found myself pretty low down. People who tell you that any man can find work if he is willing simply don't know what they're talking about. To this day it makes me hot to think of the jobs I put in for. Yet I couldn't find any kind of work, at any sort of wage."

"The outlook was of the blackest, when one day I happened to meet an elder in the Church to which I belonged. He knew me a little, and spoke. Asked what I was doing. I told him my story. 'See here,' he said, 'I'll write a note to Peter Maxwell, telling him what you want.

He's an elder in our Church, you know. If any man can help you, he is that man.' Here was a break in the clouds at last. My heart sang.

"That night I set out in search of the mansion of Peter Maxwell with a spring to my heel. I was elated, because I knew my man. He had solid connections with railways, shipping, factories,—in truth, there was no limit to his influence. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, it was a clear, frosty night. I remember that, because I could hear the oyster-man calling his wares a full half-mile away. *Call-er oys-ters*. There was no thrill of association in the cry: I had never tasted oysters. Yet there was something peculiarly enticing about that cadenced—*Call-er oys-ters*. So I took out my small pigskin purse. There was a sixpence in it. My last. Yet I determined to treat myself to oysters if this enterprise succeeded, as surely it must.

"At length I found the house: an opulent place, with four fat pillars at the doorway. The servant, a hard-featured woman, informed me that Mr. Maxwell was at dinner, and looked her suspicion. Could I call back? Handing her the note of introduction, I hinted that it would remove all difficulties. She took the envelope reluctantly, while I waited throbbing on the door-mat.

"Presently the old gentleman came across the mosaic vestibule, shuffling in beaded slippers, and bringing a waft of port wine with him. Would you care to know how he looked, Jack?"

"Certainly. Give me his portrait. I might want a job some day."

"His appearance was just a little odd. A small squirrel-coloured wig—wide in the seam and ragged at the edges—sat jauntily on the top of his head. It looked as if it were tied on by the string of grey whisker that ran from ear to ear under his chin. His face was large, and red, and round, with rheumy eyes to it, and a slack smile. He was in evening dress, and there was a sprinkling of snuff in the creases of his shirt-front.

"He held the open note in his hand as he shuffled towards me, and said,—

"'Do you wish to see me?' Then, with a blink, he added, 'Do I know you?'

"'No, sir,' I said; 'the note from my friend Mr. Cowan will explain what——'

"'Oh, yes—yes—Mr. Cowan—I know Mr. Cowan. He belongs to our Church. A good man. Do you belong to our Church?'

"'Yes, sir.'



"Quite so. Now I understand. You take an interest in our mission work, I have no doubt—a Sunday-school teacher, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. I'm always pleased to meet with any one engaged in the good work. Well, just come upstairs with me."

"As he turned, I could see that he had been attempting to read my note of introduction upside-down! That did not seem to me altogether promising. Still, I followed him up the wide staircase, with expectancy and a riotous pulse. As we passed the dining-room door there fell upon us a jingle of glasses, a jovial clatter of talking, and the thick odour of wine."

"As he mounted the stair Peter Maxwell took a firm hold of the balusters, and I followed at his heels, slowly."

"When he reached what seemed the top of the house, the old gentleman entered a bedroom and turned up the gas. It was a small room, containing a camp-bed, two straw-bottomed chairs, and a text on the wall. The sudden blaze of light made my companion blink as he said,—

"Sit down, my lad, sit down. I am delighted to make your acquaintance. I take a great interest in young men. They are the hope of the Church. The future is in their hands—yes, the future is in their hands. Do you belong to Glasgow?"

"No, sir. I was brought up in the country. I've only been here for six months."

"Ah! Then you are beginning to learn what wickedness there is in this city,—its temptations. You know, I suppose, what snares abound on every side? There is drink. And other things. Let me warn you to shun drink. Never touch it. Never put the accursed thing in your mouth. Are you a total abstainer?"

"No, sir."

"Then let me advise you to become one. That is the only sure way to keep yourself free from its insidious temptations. Another thing, my dear young friend—keep working. There is nothing like work. The devil, you know, always finds something for idle hands to do. Therefore, keep working."

"I thought this was my opportunity, so I struck in with—

"I am very anxious to find work, sir. But it is really difficult to know where to turn. I have tried in various directions, and I thought that you might—"

"Then you must ask guidance, my young friend—guidance. I speak from long experience. Take all your difficulties to the Footstool. There you will get light—yes, there you will get light. Your path will be made plain. And that reminds me, we will just offer up a word of prayer."

"Well, we got down upon our knees. He took

one chair and I took the other. You can understand, Jack, that I was in a sort of dazed condition. Consequently, I was only able to catch up with the old man here and there. Yet I am certain that it was an eloquent prayer, eloquent and comprehensive. Among other things, he petitioned on behalf of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales and all the members of the Royal Family. He asked that the Queen's counsellors might be instructed in wisdom. Also, he made mention of the minister, the elders, the Sunday-school teachers, and all those connected with this congregation who were engaged in spreading the good news. He did not forget the Home and Foreign Missions, the Bible Societies, the Bible Women, the Dorcas Society—"

"Look here, David, this smacks of the irreverent."

"Well, it isn't meant that way, anyhow. I'm only giving you the facts. The old gentleman, as I learned afterwards, had a notable gift in this line. However, the thing came to an end at last, and I got up from my knees wondering what would happen next. The first thing that happened was, that Peter Maxwell took a sounding pinch of snuff out of a silver box. As he did so, I could see that his cheeks were wet with tears. That was another of his gifts."

"Looking at me with a blink, he said,—

"We have prayed for help and guidance, my young friend; now we must work. You see that text upon the wall? I keep it always before me. *Work while it is called to-day.* Let that be your motto. I am very pleased to meet you—very pleased. Come back some other time. Let me know how you are prospering in the vineyard. I'll just go downstairs with you."

"I could not answer him. There was the queerest feeling in my throat, which I tried to choke down. It might be tears or it might be laughter. The situation was so pitifully comic that it might well be either. Anyhow, I choked it down. As we trailed down that staircase and passed the dining-room door, the glasses were still jingling, the talk was still jovial, and a waltz tune tinkled in some remote part of the house."

"When we reached the door, I tried to stammer out some words of thanks for his kindness. I stopped short upon a sob."

"Pray don't mention it," the old gentleman answered, with his large slack smile, as he laid his hand on my shoulder. "I am always pleased to see young men—always pleased. They are the hope of the Church. The future is in their hands. I am ever ready to give them any little assistance in my power—any little assistance. And that reminds me. I have a small box which I keep here for my visitors. Every year I make up a contribution for our African Mission. But



perhaps you don't— Well, just a trifle. I never take more than a trifle.'

"What was I to do? There was nothing for it but to pull out my only coin and drop it truefully into his box. Then he shook me by the hand and said,—

"'Good-night, my dear young friend, good-night. Keep working and praying.'

"Try to imagine my feelings, Jack, when I found myself out of doors under the stars."

"It was a grotesque business, certainly."

"Tragic, you should say. The queer feeling was still in my throat. Well, just at this moment the oyster-man came along with his cry of *Oys-ters, call-er oys-ters*. That took me. The queer feeling in my throat resolved itself into laughter—loud, hysterical, uncontrollable laughter."

"So that is why you never eat oysters, old fellow?"

"That is the reason. Somewhat fantastical, I admit. Yet it serves."

HAMISH HENDRY.

## SOME VIRTUES OF THE VICIOUS.

By E. RENTOUL ESLER.

BRET HARTE is the poet of the "bad fellow," as Mrs. Oliphant is the poet of the middle-aged woman. Each of them conveys to you that their chief character has lost somewhat, is a little off colour, treads a by-path, while others are on the high road; and yet each makes these minor players in life's drama twice as interesting as the actors with the leading rôles.

Among the odd pieces of information which one finds in out-of-the-way places, and which in this instance we have sought extensively and in vain, is a list of the Seven Cardinal Sins, that we might examine the human side of their influence. Sin as sin is attractive to no one, it is the graces which now and then accompany it that blur it into the semblance of, sometimes, a better thing than virtue.

In a paper which Mr. Haweis contributed recently to this magazine, he mentioned that during a certain cholera epidemic, it was two women of the streets whom John Richard Green found brave enough to accompany him in his daily struggle for the lives of others. Women who had much to lose would not dare the risk, but these, who possessed little of value except life, were fearless, with possibly the courage of indifference.

In Thomas de Quincey's sorrowful record, *The Opium Eater*, the sad young girl of the streets who succoured the writer in his destitution, who stood by him in his misery and loneliness, as innocently and as sympathetically as a sister, is by far the most memorable figure. Other characters and incidents we recall with an effort; but that silhouette seems etched on our hearts. If we knew all that can be told of certain lost women in the great cities, the best of us might often bow our heads in humility before qualities we could never emulate.

It has been objected since fiction was first written, and perhaps before that, that many women find those men especially interesting

whose record is by no means blameless, and whose history has invoked the fierce protest of Count Tolstoi, Sarah Grand, and other modern writers. But surely no one who knows women well, could accept for a moment the theory that the charm lies in the moral taint; on the contrary, it lies in the easy manners, and the apparent solicitude for women, and interest in them, which so often accompany it. Some women like sternness in men, and are offended by prompt attention to them on the part of comparative strangers; but the "old woman," who desires to be well thought of, and who still regards man as a superior creature, and his approval as something worth contending for, will always be able to find some excuse for the gravest lapses on the part of a man of pleasant manners who meets her with admiring courtesy.

The influence which the drunkard exercises in the early stages of his career is due, not to his vice, but to the good nature which often accompanies it—the open-handedness, the amiability, the lenient judgment of others' shortcomings. Any one familiar with the life of the submerged tenth must, a hundred times, have heard the plea from the drunkard's miserable wife, "The fault is not in him, but in the liquor; he is always good when he is sober."

The weakness of the miser is not a genial one, and yet may one not find an excusing element in the fierce independence which is possibly at the root of his self-denial? To live without troubling others, and to die without any appeal to the generosity of the nation, are actions which, even in the miser, bear a certain wayward likeness to virtue.

For the loafer there is not much to be said; he goes through life, amiably accepting the services of the industrious as a matter of course, making his requirements and his existence a reason for more strenuous efforts on the part of those connected with him. Of affection and gratitude he



is void; the best that can be done for him falls far below the level of his desires; his appreciation of others merely means appreciation of the value of their services on his behalf. When his loyal defenders fall dead in the race, that was necessarily much harder because of him, he deplores the loss he has sustained, chiefly by reason of the inconvenience it inflicts on him personally, and brings the statement, "They were very kind to me," as the fairest tribute he can lay on their coffin. Now a curious circumstance, which may be merely coincidence, and neither cause nor effect, is, that the loafer is usually a person of strikingly handsome physique. Charles Dickens produced, not a caricature, but a sample of an actual and well-known type, when he delineated Mr. Turveydrop, with his deportment, his resemblance to the Prince Regent, and the pride and pleasure his wife and children took in ministering to his ease and comfort, so that he might uninterruptedly indulge in patronising conversation, while he took care of his figure. If we cast our eyes over the loafers we have met, or passed in our way through the world, we cannot deny that their good looks were their credentials, which the indifferent accepted, without asking who met, in the case of these goodly persons, the claims which life exacts of each of us.

It is said that a section of Christianity recognises degrees in mendacity, and distinguishes between white lies and black, or between lies

that are deadly and lies that are venial. Of the venial lie, with aggravations, an instance came some time ago under our personal observation. A big costermonger, returning from his day's work, was attacked murderously by his wife with a butcher's knife; the weapon penetrated three coats he wore—for it was winter weather—and other garments, glanced off his fifth rib, and inflicted a deep flesh wound. The police-surgeon attended to the injured man, and was obliged to appear next day at the police court to give evidence at the trial. The chief witness was called, and appeared in the witness-box as a very pale and shaken giant. When asked for his version of the affair, he kissed the book, and swore solemnly, and without turning a hair, that his wife was cutting bread for the children, that he slipped and fell on the knife, and having no upper garment but his shirt, the knife wounded him. "How did you come to fall on the knife?" the police-magistrate asked. "I wasn't sober, your Worship," was the prompt answer. The case was therefore dismissed. The police-surgeon, who had also given evidence, followed the costermonger out of court. "How could you make such a statement?" he asked, with an accent of grave rebuke. The man drew himself up to his full Hibernian height: "Sorr," he said, "she's very good to the childher, and I couldn't put the shame of a jail on her." It was a case of deliberate perjury, but—

## OUR CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

ONCE more we send out our little pink collecting form, by means of which we hope to obtain sufficient funds to give a solid meal and a pleasant entertainment to 20,000 hungry and ragged children in our great cities. To do this we shall need at least £500. Remittances cannot, in any case, be acknowledged by post, but all contributions will be duly accounted for in *The New Age*. The following amounts have already been received:—

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year ...	...	3	8 3
Atkins, Frederick A. ...	...	5	5 0
G. M., Stockport ...	...	0	1 0
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\*.\* Only a few copies now remain of our Christmas Number. This wonderful sixpenny-worth contains complete stories by Dr. CONAN DOYLE, ANNIE S. SWAN, Mr. GILBERT PARKER, Miss JANE BARLOW, Mr. H. D. LOWRY and Miss MARY DICKENS (grand-daughter of the great novelist), fully illustrated by such artists as GORDON BROWNE and W. S. STACEY. There is also a Christmas poem by NORMAN GALE; a paper on "Christmas Kindness," by Dr. JAMES STALKER; a bright, chatty article on "Our First Winter in Canada," by the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, with a large number of beautiful illustra-

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DUTY is never uncertain at first. It is only after we have got involved in the mazes and sophistries of wishing that things were otherwise than they are, that it seems indistinct.—ROBERTSON.



## CARLYLE : THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.—III.

"NOTHING seems hid from those wonderful eyes of yours; those devouring eyes; those thirsty eyes; those portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine," wrote Emerson to Carlyle in one of his early letters. These phrases of Emerson are not less striking than true, and they convey to us much of Carlyle's secret as an artist. Whatever may be said about certain infelicities of style which persons of conventional judgment lay to his charge, there can be no doubt that Carlyle is a consummate artist, with a power of vivid expression unmatched in English literature. There is, indeed, something almost terrible in his power of vision. Nothing escapes him. If he visits a strange town or village, crosses the Irish Sea with a rough group of "unhappy creatures," talks with a labourer at Craigenputtock, spends an hour with Leigh Hunt or Coleridge, meets Lamb, Fraser, Irving, Murray—the result is the same, a powerful etching, done with the fewest strokes, but omitting nothing of either pathos or folly, absurdity or weakness. A rarer gift—let us also say a more perilous gift—than this could not be; perilous because from its inconsiderate display upon those who stood nearest to him, Carlyle's reputation has suffered most. But it is a supreme gift, and that which more than any other constitutes the great artist. It is by virtue of this extraordinary vigour of intellectual vision, and artistic sensitiveness, that Carlyle has written books which not merely reflect life, but are life itself, and move us as only the greatest masters of the creative imagination can move us.

After all, the man of letters must expect fame for his literary qualities, rather than for his message. It is possible enough that his message may be outdated; but the quality of a man's literary gift is not subject to permutation. The message of Carlyle we have considered: let us finally ask, what original combination of gifts does he possess as a man of letters?

First of all, and chiefly, is this supreme artistic faculty. His dramatic instinct is perfect, his eye for the fine points and grouping of his picture inevitably right. It is this gift which is so conspicuous in the *French Revolution*, and makes it a great epic, a series of astonishing *tableaux vivants*, rather than a prose history. But the gift is his in whatever he touches, and it imparts the glow of genius to his least considered writings. There is not another modern writer of English who has produced so much of which so little can be spared. Not even Ruskin has a truer eye for colour and effect in Nature, and, what is more, an equally impassioned sense of fellowship in the mysteries and glories of the outward world. Could the view from Highgate be painted in any finer fashion than this, with

clearer austerity of phrase, and yet with a certain noble largeness of effect, too: "Waving, blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under *olive-tinted haze*, the illimitable liminary ocean of London"? Or what picture of a Scotch spring can be more accurately perfect than this: "The hills stand snow-powdered, pale, bright. The black hail-storm awakens in them, rushes down like a black, swift ocean-tide, valley answering valley; and again the sun blinks out, and the poor sower is casting his grain into the furrow, hopeful he that the Zodiacs and far heavenly Horologies have not faltered"? Or who that has read it, will not recall the passage in which he speaks of riding past the old churchyard at midnight, the huge elm darkly branched against the clear sky, and one star bright above it, and the sense that God was over all? It is in such passages that the deep poetry of Carlyle's soul utters itself most freely. And these fine moments abound in all his writings. He has no need to save up his happy inspirations for future use, after the fashion of lesser men. His is the freest and most prodigal of hands; and nowhere outside the great poets, and very rarely within them, can there be found depictions of Nature at once so simple, adequate, and perfect.

The same faculty manifests itself even more remarkably in his sketches of persons. Without an effort, by the mere instantaneous flash of a word, the photograph stands complete. Sometimes the process is slightly more elaborate, but it is always characterised by the same intensity and rapidity of execution. As pieces of description, which sum up with a strange daring and completeness not merely the outward appearance of men, but their spiritual significance also, what can compare with these:—Coleridge, "a steam-engine of a hundred horses' power, with the boiler burst"; Tennyson, "a fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred: dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke." Mazzini, a "swift, yet still, Ligurian figure; merciful and fierce; true as steel, the word and thought of him limpid as water, by nature a little lyrical poet." It often happens, indeed, that there is none of the geniality of these descriptions of Tennyson and Mazzini in Carlyle's later pictures of some of his contemporaries. There is something even savage and terrible in his sketch of Charles Lamb, and his description of Mill—"withering



or withered; his eyes go twinkling and jerking with wild lights and twitches, his head is bald, his face brown and dry—poor fellow after all." It must be remembered, however, that this picture of Mill occurs in a letter never meant for publication, and it never ought to have been published. Yet there is no doubting either its truth or power as a piece of art. The lines are etched in with a heavy and savage hand, but undoubtedly by the hand of a master. In this peculiar power of portraiture by means of terse and vivid phrases Tacitus is the only writer who can be compared with Carlyle, and Carlyle is in every way his master.

The artistic sense which makes him so superb a phrase-maker in describing men serves him in another form when he comes to the criticism of their works. One secret of his method is to convey his impression in some strange and yet felicitous metaphor, rather than by any mere collocation of qualities. Thus, when he says of Emerson's style that it has "brevity, simplicity, softness, homely grace, with such a penetrating meaning, soft enough, but irresistible, going down to the depths and up to the heights, as silent electricity goes," we feel that there is nothing more to be said. It is the last phrase, the metaphor of "silent electricity," which completes and fixes the whole impression. Reams of essays on Emerson would tell us nothing more than Carlyle has already told us in this one abrupt, yet half-rhythmical sentence. And it is so with all his criticism. He has an inevitable instinct for the right word, the one fine and accurate phrase which expresses what is the dominant quality of a writer. Thus, when he speaks of Gibbon, he has nothing to say about the pomp and roll of his style; he puts his finger at once upon that which is of vastly higher significance—"his winged sarcasms, so quiet, and yet so conclusively transpiercing, and killing dead." Some allowance must, of course, be made for personal likings and prejudices, especially in a man so liable to impulse as Carlyle. Many of his judgments upon his contemporaries are not only ill-natured, but they are ignorant. When he personally disliked a man, he made no effort to understand his writings, and refused him even courtesy, as in the case of Newman, whose brain he said was probably about the size of a moderate rabbit's. But these grotesque injustices occur for the most part in conversation, or in private letters, where he felt himself free to talk much as Dr. Johnson did, with small regard to anything but his own enjoyment in expressing his mind. When he sat down to any deliberate piece of criticism, the case was wholly altered. He then brought all his great powers of insight, sympathy, and vividness to bear upon his author. He permitted no prejudice to keep him from

expressing what he felt to be the essential truth about the man and his work. The result is that his essays on authors—for example, those on Johnson and Burns—are in themselves imperishable pieces of literature. They convey to the mind a clearer image of the man, both physical and spiritual, than can be found anywhere else. They are sufficient to prove that in the domain of criticism it is a case of Carlyle first and the rest nowhere.

As compared with other writers of history, essay, and biography, the power of Carlyle comes out in two ways. The first is a superior sincerity. He will have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about his hero. Thus, for example, no one could have been more antipathetic to him than Voltaire. He disliked his writings, and perhaps resented still more his light and airy mockery, his power of riding on the wave, of utilising popularity, of dancing through life with inimitable gaiety, scattering scathing jests as he went. But he could recognise that Voltaire was after all a sort of prophet, and honest to the bone. At all events, he had stood upon the side of unpopular justice, and had a passion for right. Macaulay, when he speaks of Voltaire, sees none of these things. He writes a bitter and clever verse about him, and dismisses the subject. Carlyle, with a far more intense passion for religion, and detestation of Voltaire's temper toward it, than Macaulay could ever have felt, has a searching sincerity of insight which discovers at once the true spiritual calibre of the man. Considering what Carlyle's own beliefs were, and what his usual temper was toward those who differed from him, his essay on Voltaire is one of the most conspicuous triumphs of sincerity which literature affords.

The other direction in which the power of Carlyle appears is his insight. Here, again, one cannot but compare Macaulay. The gist of all Macaulay's writings is to glorify the Whigs, just as Alison's was to prove in eighteen volumes that God had always been on the side of the Tories. Macaulay steps before the court, amid rounds of applause, with instructions to smash his opponent's case. The audience is not disappointed. As a rule he fulfils their utmost hopes. He marshals his case with the consummate ability of a great advocate. In nothing that he has written is he so much in his element as in his demolition of poor Robert Montgomery, who, it must be owned, richly deserved all he got. His notion of describing a man is the special pleader's notion—to accumulate various ascertainable details about him. He can pack a paragraph with interesting trivialities about a man's appetite, his clothes, his habits, his pleasures, and his vices. If he is not a Whig, a great deal more will be said of his vices than of anything else. But



Macaulay never, by any chance, gives us the full-length portrait of a man, and Carlyle does. He arranges the wig, the clothes, the gloves he wore when he went to court, and all the other useful accessories of the studio, but he does not attempt the painting. Carlyle will take as deliberate and patient care as Macaulay to gather details, but he knows that they are only details. What he wants, and will have, if it be discoverable, is the spiritual truth about the man. He constructs his history and biography from the inside, not the outside. He sees, and boldly fingers, the "very pulse of the machine." He analyses and combines spiritual elements with an alchemy whose secret no other shares. The result is that when Carlyle has finished such a work as his *Cromwell*, there is nothing more to be said. "Here," he says, "is the voracious man, warts and all. Take him or leave him as you will, but you can't make him different." Nor can we. Nothing that has been written on Cromwell since Carlyle wrote has had the slightest effect on public opinion, at least, by way of modifying Carlyle's verdict. But there is scarcely a great passage in Macaulay which is not capable of another version, and Mr. Gladstone has even gone so far as to speak of Macaulay's mind as hermetically sealed to truths which he did not wish to know. In matters of private judgment Carlyle could often be both unjust and ungenerous, but no such charge can be made against his writings. As historian, biographer, and essayist, his power of insight is so acute that it often seems almost magical, and it never fails to discover and attest the truth, so far as the absolute truth can be known, about any great actor or maker of the past.

Of the peculiarity of Carlyle's dialect much has been written, but only a word need be spoken here. It used to be the custom to accuse him of Germanising the English tongue, and Wordsworth once said that he was a pest to the language. But what was supposed to be a German discoloration was really a Scotch. He simply talked all through his life the strong Doric he had learned as a boy at Ecclefechan. His father had the same faculty of flashing and rugged phrase: Carlyle inherited it. It is true that, when he began to write, he wrote precisely and smoothly. Precisely, indeed, he always wrote: no slipshod sentences ever escaped him, and his hastiest note is finished with as jealous an attention to phrase as though it were meant for the press, and intended as a hostage for immortality. But as his own poetic power grew, he felt the need for a larger form, and he found it in the expressive language of his boyhood. Thinking always as an idealist, he was more and more constrained to write as a realist, and smoothness and polish of phrase is inconsistent

with a realism so vigorous as his. In prose he does pretty much what Browning does in poetry, except that with all his ruggedness he is never obscure. Burns also wrote smooth English, but not when he felt deeply; then his tongue fell into the deeper harmonies of the mellow Doric. Who does not prefer the latter? Who cannot perceive that *Tam o' Shanter* is worth forty volumes of letters to Clarinda? And, difficult and harsh as it may appear at first, till the secret of its rhythm is learned, who does not also feel that, as a vehicle of utterance, the style of *Sartor Resartus* is every way nobler and greater than the polished paragraphs of the *Life of Schiller* and the earlier essays?

Of the many books of Carlyle it is impossible to take detailed notice. The *Miscellaneous Essays*, *Hero-Worship*, and *The French Revolution* will probably remain the most popular. The political writings will be the first to perish in the nature of things. The Gospel of Carlyle—that is, the fullest expression of what he regarded as his spiritual message to his times—will be best learned from *Sartor Resartus* and the *Life of Sterling*. Beyond these numerous and various writings there rises the huge bulk of the *History of Frederick the Great*, which in many ways is his greatest work. Emerson said that it was the wittiest book ever written, and as a series of scenes, inimitably staged, and ranging through every latitude of emotion, there is nothing comparable with it. The man who could afford but two histories should read Gibbon and Carlyle's *Frederick*: in these the greatest historical genius of our race finds its expression. But when all estimates of his works are weighed and ended, all depreciations of time and opinion allowed for, most people will feel that Carlyle's great legacy to the world is, after all, himself. Next to Dr. Johnson there is no other figure that stands out in English literature with such distinctness and virility. In mere Titanic mass Carlyle, indeed, bulks far larger than the old dictator of eighteenth-century letters. But what is common to both is a fascinating perversity, a brusque and humorous honesty, and above all a certain antique severity and nobleness of nature. Just as we remember and discuss Johnson by his characteristics rather than his writings, so it may be, in a century's time, the figure and actual life of Carlyle will prove more fascinating than anything which he wrote. It may be so, but who can say? The one thing that is clear to us is that he is by far the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century, the most interesting, noble, and impressive; and as a spiritual and moral force, there is no other writer who has touched his times so deeply, or deserves more honourable memory.

W. J. DAWSON.



## THE NOVELIST OF THE FAR NORTH.

## A CHAT WITH MR. GILBERT PARKER,

THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

WHAT Rudyard Kipling has done for India, what J. M. Barrie has done for Scotland, what Mary Wilkins has done for New England, that Mr. Gilbert Parker is doing for Canada. The author of *Pierre and his People*, *Mrs. Falchion*, *The Translation of a Savage*, etc., has struck a new vein which is yielding rich results. In both hemispheres the young writer's name and fame are steadily rising. So bronzed with travel is he, and the signs of mature manhood are so evident, that most people would take Mr. Parker to be five or ten years older than he really is. A more delightful companion, or a man of a better spirit, I never wish to dine with. His strong, manly face, with kindly, sympathetic blue eyes, dark whiskers, and black stubbly, curly hair, with forelock straying across his broad forehead, make up a vision pleasant to recall. The son of a British artillery officer, he was born in Quebec, and spent his childhood in Canada.

His home is now in chambers at Park Place, St. James's, though he has lived much in Harpenden, Hertfordshire.

"I was destined for the Church," he told me, when I asked how he came to take to novel-writing, "but I felt that my heart was in literature, and I wanted no divided interest in my life-work. When a mere youngster, my mind was saturated with the old dramatists and poets, though, strangely enough, I read very few novels in my youth, and I read very few now. I am ashamed to say how late Scott came to me. I suppose I have read fewer novels than any other novel-writer. Having decided not to

enter the ministry, though I was qualified for priest's orders, I made journalism a bread-winner for a time; and a very good bread-winner it was. Journeying to the Antipodes, I joined the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which I consider the greatest provincial paper in the world, and then took to writing plays, which, bad as they may have been, were successful enough to still yield me a small income. Meanwhile I had written a couple of volumes of short

stories. When I came to London from the South Seas I showed these to a friend, who, after very conscientiously reading them, remarked, 'My dear fellow, the titles are fascinating.' He said no more, and I consigned the lot to the flames."

"Did you find journalism a good training-school for literature?"

"Most certainly. Here was I, of a romantic and literary turn, a lover of phrase and epithet, with a mind full of pictures of things seen and unseen, who had never been called upon to decide suddenly upon any public question, compelled to express my opinion instantly, and with a sense of responsibility, upon important social, political and industrial

themes. For I never did any reporting in my life; it might have been better for me if I had; I came at once to leader-writing—leader-writing in a colony whose politics, social conditions, habits of mind, and general characteristics I had to master as I went along, with my own judgments, such as they were, facing me in the paper every morning. All this developed a practical turn of mind, and tended



[From a Photo by  
C. M. GILBERT,  
Philadelphia.]

*Gilbert Parker*



towards concentration, balance, and precision. Even if much of the knowledge required was superficial, in an important journal it had to be accurate as far as it went. In England, where the daily press is comparatively free from sensationalism, I regard journalism as an admirable school—that is, if a man has a mind which does not rest content with thinking in an ephemeral way for ephemeral effects, but lives a little beyond the daily task, not attaching undue importance to his work. I do not want you to think,” Mr. Parker added, with comforting emphasis, “that I place novel-writing upon so high a plane as to dwarf journalism; for I consider that the higher journalism calls for the best work a writer can do: what I mean is that the most of newspaper-writing is necessarily picturesque and ephemeral, and consequently does not carry with it that greater responsibility and require that breadth of feeling which are inseparable from the attempt to produce a permanent work of art. If I had a brother who was bent on becoming a novelist, I should beg him to serve two or three years’ apprenticeship as a responsible journalist.”

*Pierre and his People* is perhaps Mr. Parker’s most popular work. I asked the author whether “Pretty Pierre,” whom we have all learned to love, really exists.

“Oh yes!” he replied, “‘Pretty Pierre’ is a real man. And it has made me sad to see how artists have ignored the fact that he was really a good-looking fellow. Besides, they have made him a Bret-Harte miner from Poker Flat; a ranchman from San Antonio; they have drawn him with the long hair and the top-boots and the physical bravado of Buffalo Bill. As a matter of fact, Pierre was, as I have tried to show him, handsome, though small, immobile and pale of face, scrupulously neat and clean, without dandyism, with many of the instincts of a gentleman—for he had a French gentleman for his father—with the grace and romanticism of the French, and the subtlety, devilry, vigilance and patience of the Indian. The Canadian half-breed, and plainsman, and hillsman, and Hudson-Bay-Company’s-man is not either in fact or in fiction, in spite of the artists, a gentleman from the Wild West of the United States. He has never had the mining fever; he has lived a simpler, quieter life; loneliness has killed the swagger in him, and he has that touch of romance and superstition which is partly due to the effect of that far north country upon the mind, and partly to French influence. I hope that some day an artist will learn the simple fact that Pierre and his people are not Yankee swash-bucklers.”

“And now, Mr. Parker, as to your new story which is to appear in *THE YOUNG MAN* next

year. Would you mind giving me an indication of its nature and scope?”

“The story has had rather a curious history so far as my connection with it is concerned. Some three years ago an historian, Mr. James Lemoine, in Quebec, excited my interest in a certain Captain Robert Stobo, who was an intimate personal friend of George Washington, a Glasgow man by birth, and a descendant of the great Montrose. I hunted up some old records, and found that not only was his life singularly fascinating in the matter of adventure, but that he played an important part in the history of the empire. It was Stobo that showed Wolfe the way to the heights of Quebec at Sillery, and if the attempt had not been shepherded by him, Quebec might never have been taken. He had been a hostage of war in Quebec, but the French, for reasons which I, with some truth and some imagination, attribute to important international affairs with which Stobo had to do, would never accept a prisoner in exchange for him. For seven years Captain Robert Stobo was held captive, being part of the time confined in a dungeon. Having been tried as a spy, he was led through the streets of Quebec with a rope round his neck, and otherwise treated with barbarous cruelty.”

“Would it be divulging too much to give me a hint of the causes of this special persecution?”

“Ah! there you touch the point of mystery,” said the author, smiling. “All I am at liberty to tell you is that the explanation cannot be found in any ordinary matters of war or of international enmity. In my story I show the real reasons why this man was obliged to endure sufferings for his country which his country did not attempt to relieve. In fiction one would naturally attribute some of his disasters to a woman; and, in truth, I discovered through some old letters in the possession of a celebrated family in Quebec that many of his troubles were actually due to a young French lady’s attachment to him. I have gone a little further and have added another woman—the notorious La Pompadour—weaving, as I believe, a plot which, though fictitious in part, fits in with the general facts of Stobo’s career. And the fiction is so interwoven with the truth that it will need, I fancy, astute historians to separate the one from the other. I may mention that Stobo was a friend of Smollett, and it has been hinted that some of the events of his life suggested ‘Captain Lismahago,’ but on reading *Humphry Clinker* again I find that the novelist, in conceiving the character of his hero, worked far afield of Stobo.

“In working out the story,” Mr. Parker continued, “I seek to represent the character of two nations in two men. The one, the servant of La Pompadour, typifies the cynicism, the



recklessness, the irresponsibility, the scoundrel view of woman, which characterised the time of Louis XV., the feeling that when their lights went out, those fireflies that fluttered at Versailles, the world might go to ashes for all they cared. The other man personifies the indomitable pluck, the bulldog tenacity of purpose, the sturdier quality, the faculty for war, the faith in God and in humanity, which Englishmen at their worst have never altogether let go.

"Of course, it would be stupid of me to say that I have 'done all well, and there's an end': contrasted the genius of two great nations, the romance, the irresponsibility, and the wit of one against the robust doggedness, heavier temperament, and strong character of the other; yet I hope I have suggested the spirit of the time by a series of romantic incidents which in themselves are so singular and yet so human as should carry conviction to the mind of those who still love the old-fashioned moralities, the romance of patriotism, and the play of the natural emotions, untouched by the complex superficialities and insincerities of modern life. The story is very simple. It is mainly the history of two men and one woman, with the dark figure of another woman in the background—a woman who, throwing a shadow over France, threw a shadow over two lives that deserved happiness. I have some of the original letters written by the young French woman concerning Stobo, and also a letter written by Stobo from his prison to George Washington. I will not follow the example of some reviewers of books nowadays, who rob a story of its interest by giving the movement of it; but can you imagine a situation in which a man is on one side of a wall, and the woman he loves is on the other, whilst he, in honour bound, must stand and see death passing over the wall, not knowing but that the woman he loves may be wrecked by disaster sprung from a lever on which his own hand rests?"

"I'm afraid not; I'll wait till the story appears. But I am curious to know what suggested the title."

"The story has had many titles, all in turn rejected. Though not altogether satisfied with it, I had practically decided on *Parole*, that being the key-word of the story; but, discussing the matter with a friend, I told him that what I should like to suggest was the struggle of the humble and oppressed, coupled with the sweet, unconquerable truth and loyalty of a woman, against the tyranny and injustice of political powers. My friend exclaimed, '*Thou hast put down the mighty from their seats, and hast exalted the humble and the meek.*' At that instant was born the title: *The Seats of the Mighty.*"

"Did the story take you long to write?"

"I have been at it about two years altogether."

"You travel a great deal: does not that interfere with your literary work?"

"On the whole, it rather helps it. Fortunately, I have the faculty of concentration, or I could not work, as I have done, in all climates and under very trying conditions. If a thing seizes me, I can write it almost anywhere. One of the concluding chapters of *The Trail of the Sword* I wrote in a railway train; two chapters of *The Translation of a Savage* I wrote between London and New York. Some of my short stories have been written among crowds of people, or on the sea-shore; one was written at the railway station when I was waiting for a train. But I have first to call up all my will to force myself, as it were, into a separate atmosphere from my surroundings, and to concentrate all my faculties on the pictures which I see with my mind's eye, and when once I have my characters clearly before me, they hold me in spite of the gossip of the passing crowd. Naturally I prefer to work in perfect quiet; yet there are times when absolute silence is painful to me, and then a hand-organ under my window is a positive relief (you may smile, but I only hear it as the murmur of waves on the distant sea-shore); and the sound of a piano in the next room, provided the things played are not too brilliant, rests me in the same way. I once worked next to an axe-factory, where the continuous hammer of machinery, the roar of the fires, and the clanging of iron, being continuous, were an assistance rather than a hindrance. But the slamming of a door makes me start to my feet with bad thoughts; or the dull, hard voice of some admirable servant may irritate me unreasonably. The habit of concentration and the ability to write under all sorts of conditions I attribute to my journalistic discipline, and to an early habit of musing, with people about me. Usually I write with comparative ease and facility, and if a thing does not seize me I drop it for the time. I do not work every day, nor even every week. Some days I am absolutely sterile, and if after twenty minutes' concentration the wheels jolt, I stop. One thing I never do: I never work at night."

"'Night' is an elastic term."

"Well, I never work after dinner. Living during the day in this crowded, nervous civilization wears one, and in artificial light I never attempt to make the effort towards concentration. I worked at night for years, and I never awoke fresh in the morning; the body is a very sensitive machine, which requires a good deal of grooming and shepherding. My friends, and perhaps others, wonder why I suddenly start off to the Continent, or Mexico, or Labrador, or the United States; I do it because I feel that there is



danger in keeping, as I am disposed to do, too closely to my work. What may appear as eccentricity in making these sudden long journeys is a very deliberate method of life, which has at least produced this result: that I am always fresh in feeling, and I am younger at thirty-two than I was at twenty-one."

"Have you noticed many good openings for young men during your wanderings in Canada and Mexico?"

"Mexico is not a very good country for the young Englishman to go to, because, although it is nominally a republic, it is, in government, an autocracy, almost as pronounced as that of Russia. I do not say that young men cannot make a living there, but there is not the same opportunity of winning a position as in English-speaking countries. In Mexico you can have little civic influence, and no real part in the government of the country. Besides, the climate is trying to the Anglo-Saxon, whilst mining, coffee-growing and tobacco-planting are about the only occupations he can take up. There are far more, and better, opportunities in countries where English influence is stronger; and I should say from my knowledge of these countries that, so long as there is Canada or Australia to emigrate to, Mexico may very well be left out of the question.

"As for Canada, if a man is a good artisan he need never want for work there. Wages will not be very high, but living is not expensive. Though it is not a land flowing with milk and honey, there are excellent openings for the young artisan, farmer, or ranchman. If a man works hard, and is frugal and adaptable, and rightly ambitious, I know no better field than British

Columbia and the Great North-West of Canada. But no one must expect to make much money in Canada for many a year to come; he must be content with a simple life, with moderate ease, and with the privileges afforded by good government and wholesome social conditions. To make money you must go to the United States. Australia is a good field if a man has a little capital to put into sheep-farming and stock-raising; otherwise, unless he has some skill in technical work, it is a mistake to depend upon the casual opportunities afforded to the clerk or bookkeeper."

"Are you contemplating any more explorations in remote parts of the globe?"

"I have almost arranged with Sir Donald A. Smith, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company (to my mind one of the most remarkable men in the world), who is granting me facilities which I believe have never been given before, to take a journey which has been in my mind for years. My plan is to go up through Canada to the Saskatchewan Valley, from there to the Peace River country, and thence by Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake to the Mackenzie River or the Coppermine River. I propose to winter at a Hudson's Bay Fort, and in the spring to come down in a south-easterly direction with the great flotilla of fur-laden canoes, to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, and then to take the yearly ship home to London."

Mr. Parker expects to start next spring on this remarkable trip; and I am sure readers of *THE YOUNG MAN*, as they follow from month to month his story in the new volume, will join me in wishing the genial, adventurous author an enjoyable journey and a safe return.

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## OUR NEW VOLUME.

WE give elsewhere an outline of our programme for 1895. It contains many attractive features, and we are looking forward to a large increase in our circulation. We shall be grateful for the assistance of our readers in gaining new subscribers, and in making our programme widely known amongst those likely to be interested. Our January number, to be issued on Dec. 20th, will be one of the best we have issued. It will be

printed from new type, and on superior paper, and will contain a fully illustrated character sketch of Mr. John Morley, by Dr. Charles A. Berry; stories by Gilbert Parker and Barry Pain; an article on "The Study of Poetry," by Richard Le Gallienne; "A Message for the New Year," by Dr. Marcus Dods; an article on "Public Speaking," by Dr. Joseph Parker; an Interview with Sir Edward Russell, Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, etc.

*The Young Woman* for December contains an illustrated character sketch of the Empress Frederick; stories by L. T. Meade and Sarah Doudney; an article on "How to Keep Warm in Winter," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; an Interview with Miss Betham Edwards; a fully illustrated sketch of "Life at Newnham," and other contributions by Archdeacon Farrar, Mrs. Esler, W. J. Dawson, etc., etc. The January number will contain an Interview with Mrs. Joseph Parker.

WE regret that we omitted to acknowledge that the portrait of Carlyle in our October number was from a photograph by John Patrick & Son, Edinburgh and Kirkcaldy.

*The Home Messenger* for December contains a paper on "The Courtesies of Home," by Rev. F. B. Meyer; a portrait and sketch of Miss Agnes E. Weston, "The Sailor's Friend;" a story by Dora M. Jones; and a delightful article on "The Joys of Christmas," by Mark Guy Pearse.



## A QUAKER SAINT. THE STORY OF JOHN WOOLMAN.

By W. GARRETT HORDER,  
*Author of "The Silent Voice," etc.*

IN his delightful essay on "A Quaker's Meeting" Charles Lamb says: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers." I wonder how many Elia lovers have taken this advice? I suspect very few! Indeed, Charles Lamb gives no information as to how Woolman might be known; and all the aid that Canon Ainger, the most sympathetic and accomplished of his many editors, gives is the title of Woolman's Journal, and the following description: "Woolman was an illiterate tailor, one of the first who had misgivings about the institution of slavery;" to which he adds: "Crabb Robinson, to whom Lamb introduced the book, became rapturous over it. His religion is love, his whole existence and all his passions love."

And yet Woolman is forgotten by the great majority of his own set. I have asked Quaker after Quaker if they knew his "Journal," and found that they did not. The Roman Church would have canonized him and made his home a shrine. Hear what Whittier, a brother Quaker, says of him:—

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of Woolman's feet!  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet.

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the Earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark, waste places  
As with Hermon dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half unconscious taught.

Beauty such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Let it be confessed at once that to the lovers of the startling and sensational Woolman's words will not be attractive, nor will they be to those who delight in the dogmatic or controversial in religion. Such will turn from the Journal with a sense of weariness. But let such remember that "when a certain degree of holiness has been attained, heresy is impossible; for at a certain height, dogma no longer exists and there is no ground for controversy."<sup>1</sup> But to those who can appreciate perfect simplicity in religion, who can discern the beauty of a life

wholly responsive to the Divine Spirit within, it will have a charm past all expression, whilst it should be noticed that the spiritual purity of Woolman's mind has made his English as beautiful as anything we possess, so that one is reminded of the declaration of the Psalmist: "The entrance of Thy word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple." Woolman seems to me, in his perfect response to the Divine Spirit, the likeliest to Jesus Christ of whom I have ever read. M. Renan says, "We may say that Francis of Assisi was the only perfect Christian since Jesus. He stands alone as having with boundless faith and love endeavoured to fulfil the law laid down in Galilee. His rule was simply the Sermon on the Mount, with nothing altered or explained away."<sup>2</sup> Probably M. Renan had not read Woolman's Journal, or he would have written differently, and it may be, bracketed as equal, Woolman and St. Francis. But in Woolman's case this is evidenced not so much in act as in spirit. This you may as well try to describe as to paint the Shekinah. Crabb Robinson says: "Had he not been so very humble, he would have written a still better book; for, fearing to indulge in vanity, he conceals the events in which he was a great actor." Dr. Channing with countenance lighted up declared to Mr. Whittier that it was "the sweetest and purest biography in the language." Edward Irving pronounced it a God-send. But when we are asked as, in a practical age like this, we are likely to be—What did he *do*? all the answer that can be given is that he persuaded many of the American Quakers to give up their slaves, and range themselves on the side of Abolition. That was the *work* he *did*; but in doing it what a life he lived, what a pure clear light he threw—what an ideal he left behind! Samuel Taylor Coleridge once said: "I should almost despair of the man who could peruse the Life of John Woolman without an amelioration of heart." And if it be asked what kind of amelioration, I should answer that, as we read, there is borne in upon us, in a way most subtle but mighty, the conviction that "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment." Woolman is a living illustration of that great spiritual axiom of our Lord.

He was born in Northampton, Burlington County, West Jersey, in the year 1720. His parents seem to have been devout Quakers, who

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Renan's *New Studies of Religious History*, p. 321.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *New Studies of Religious History*, p. 315.



surrounded him with a religious atmosphere. He says that before he was seven years old he began to be acquainted with the operations of Divine love. He was troubled when he heard bad language, and very sensitive to evil. When quite a child, in going to a neighbour's house he saw a robin sitting on her nest; as he came near she went off, but, having young ones, flew about with many cries expressive of her concern for them. After many attempts, he succeeded in hitting her with a stone which brought her down dead. At first he was pleased with his exploit, but soon thoughts of her young robbed of their mother troubled him, and after much consideration he climbed up the tree, took all the young birds, and killed them. He says: "I then went on my errand, and for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He whose tender mercies are over all His works has placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathising; but when frequently and wholly rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary direction." As he neared manhood, however, a change came over his feelings, and he began to love wanton company, which caused him much inward unrest. Sickness fell upon him, which led to contrition and a certain measure of return to God. For a considerable time he seems to have swung backwards and forwards, now walking in the light, and now falling into darkness. At last, however, his heart became fixed, trusting in the Lord, whilst his feelings toward men and indeed toward all the sentient creation became one of uttermost tenderness and kindness. He says: "To say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life or by life derived from Him, was a contradiction in itself."

When he became of age he engaged himself to a shopkeeper and baker to tend shop and keep his books. This was at Mount Holly, about five miles from his father's house. Soon after this he began to speak in the meetings of the Society. On the first occasion he did so he was greatly troubled because he felt that he had not kept close to the Divine opening, and had said more than was required of him. His first philanthropic work was on behalf of those given to excess in drinking. He noticed the prevalence of this at Christmas-time. At first he was disposed to excuse himself from the task on account of his youth; but he did not feel his mind clear. The words of Ezekiel respecting the Watchman moved him deeply, and after much prayer he set himself to the task. He says: "At a suitable opportunity I went to the public-house, and seeing the man (the master) amongst much company I called

him aside, and in the fear and dread of the Almighty expressed to him what rested on my mind. He took it kindly, and afterwards showed more regard to me than before."

It was not long, however, before the great mission of his life opened before him, and in this way:—his employer owned a negro woman, whom he sold, and desired Woolman to write out a bill of sale. The purchaser was waiting, and it had to be done at once, so that Woolman had no time for consideration, and complied; but afterwards he had great searchings of heart, and though he could say he did it for his employer—a man greatly his senior, and a member of the Society of Friends—yet he had an uneasy feeling in having, as it were, written away the life of a human being, and he inwardly resolved that for the future he would have no part, direct or indirect, in a traffic against which his conscience revolted.

So began what was probably the most effective mission ever undertaken for the undermining of the slave trade in America.

Its effectiveness was in its quietness and tenderness. "He did not strive nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." As occasion offered he visited different meetings of the Society of Friends, and when moved by the Spirit bare his testimony against what was then so common—the holding of slaves by members of the Society. So gentle, so self-forgetful was his manner, that resentment to his testimony was well-nigh impossible and rarely appeared. In after-times the stentorian voice of the orator, the winged sentences of the poet, the arts of the politician, the scattered words of the Press, and at last the awful arbitrament of the sword, all bore their part in the overthrow of the iniquity; but the way was prepared among the Friends by one of the meekest and quietest of the sons of men.

No history of the abolition of slavery in America can be reckoned adequate which does not assign a very large place to the quiet preparatory work of John Woolman, who may be rightly called a God-possessed man.

Mr. Whittier says: "The influence of the life and labours of John Woolman has by no means been confined to the religious society of which he was a member. It may be traced wherever a step in the direction of emancipation has been taken in this country or in Europe. During the war of the Revolution, many of the noblemen and officers connected with the French army became, as their journals abundantly testify, deeply interested in the Society of Friends, and took back to France with them something of its growing anti-slavery sentiment. Especially was this the case with Jean Pierre Brissot, the thinker and statesman of the Girondists, whose intimacy with Warner Mifflin, a friend and disciple of



Woolman, so profoundly affected his whole after-life. He became the leader of the 'Friends of the Blacks,' and carried with him to the scaffold a profound hatred of slavery. To his efforts may be traced the proclamation of emancipation in Hayti by the commissioners of the French Convention, and, indirectly, the subsequent uprising of the blacks and their successful establishment of a free government. The same influence reached Thomas Clarkson, and stimulated his early efforts for the abolition of the slave trade, and in after-life the volume of the New Jersey Quaker was the cherished companion of himself and his amiable helpmate."

Stephen Grellet and William Allen, too, were greatly influenced by Woolman, and thus his influence reached Alexander I. of Russia, and passed on to Alexander II., who effected the great work of emancipation of the Russian serf.

As we follow him on his journeys, chiefly on foot, from meeting to meeting, we see the might of gentleness—the irresistible force of one ever careful not to outrun his commission, ever mindful that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." On one occasion, moved deeply by the sufferings of those in slavery, he spoke with some amount of vehemence. This troubled him greatly, and before the meeting dispersed he craved forgiveness for the manner in which he had spoken. Presenting his mission in this way, rarely, if ever, was passion or the spirit of opposition aroused even in those who were actual holders of slaves. In many cases they were persuaded by his very gentleness to free themselves from what, in the pure, clear light he had brought, they saw to be evil. It is a translation into life of the fable of the traveller's cloak, which the keen blast of the wind only made him wrap the more closely around his body, but which at the gentle touch of the sunshine was cast aside. Even among a sect noted for the quietness of its

methods, Woolman is conspicuous. And it may be well to remember in this age of ours, which tends so much to noisier and more aggressive ways, that some of the mightiest results have been wrought by means of a Society which beyond all others has relied on gentleness and quietness.

The slave trade, however, has gone, and Woolman's testimony against it belongs to history. But his life is full of ideas which still need application. In it we have the strange spectacle of a man who found his business too prosperous, who was afraid that he would be "cumbered with much serving." What would be thought by the strivers of our great cities of a man who could write as follows:—

"Until the year 1756, I continued to retail goods, besides following my trade as a tailor, about which time I grew uneasy on account of my business growing too cumbersome. I had begun with selling trimmings for garments, and from thence proceeded to sell cloths and linens, and at length having got a considerable shop of goods, my trade increased every year, and the way to a large business appeared open, but I felt a stop in my mind.

"Through the mercies of the Almighty, I had, in a good degree, learned to be

content with a plain way of living. I had but a small family; and, on serious consideration, believed truth did not require me to engage much in cumbering affairs. It had been my general practice to try and sell things generally useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people, I was not easy to trade in, seldom did it; and whenever I did, I found it weaken me as a Christian.

"The increase of business became my burden, for though my natural inclination was towards merchandise, yet I believe truth required me to live more free from outward cumber; and there was now a strife in my mind between these two.



THE HOUSE WHERE WOOLMAN DIED.



In this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a heart resigned to His holy will. Then I lessened my outward business, and, as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to, and in a while I wholly laid down merchandise, and followed my trade as a tailor by myself, having no apprentice. I also had a nursery of apple trees, in which I employed some of my time in hoeing, grafting, trimming, and inoculating. In merchandise it is the custom where I lived to sell chiefly for credit, and poor people often get into debt; when payment is expected, not having wherewith to pay, their creditors often sue for it at law.

"Having frequently observed occurrences of this kind, I found it good for me to advise the poor people to take such goods as were most useful and not costly."

And yet what is all this but a reduction to practice of the philosophy of our Lord: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

When we look with clear and unprejudiced eye at what is going on around us, do we not see that in the effort for gain men do *actually lose themselves*—that they cease to be real men and degenerate into traders, that business becomes the master and they its slaves?

Would not Woolman's attitude to business, or even an approach to it, *cure* most of the pressing evils which are dividing class from class, and solve problems which all the schemes of Socialists will probably only lessen? If men could see what Aristotle saw centuries ago, that "the end of labour is to gain leisure," not to pile up huge fortunes in which there is more often a curse than a blessing, but to gain opportunity for self-culture and the help and comfort of others, our social problems would be solved. For what has caused them? The idea that life is an opportunity for *gathering* rather than *being*, for accumulation for self rather than ministry to others. Woolman's ideas would be reckoned those of a fanatic in Capel Court, but then its habitués live in a vain show, and disquiet themselves in vain, whilst this Quaker tailor reaches down to the reality of things, by a light more revealing than ever shines in the Stock Exchange. The day will come when Woolman's will be reckoned the true philosophy of life, and that of Capel Court a passing madness of the present age. Even now in our best moments we know that he is right. The secret of life must be sought within. "The mind is its own place, and can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." A contented mind is a continual feast, and even a city banquet without it is a dreary mockery. As Archbishop Trench well says,—

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How Love has in their aid,  
Love that not ever seems to tire,  
Such rich provision made.

It is a very hard lesson to learn in a keen commercial age like ours; but as one reads Woolman's Journal it seems to enter and possess the soul.

He was distressed that some men had to labour so long and others not at all—that some had so much and others so little—he felt that labour and leisure combined should be the lot of all. He seemed to see the way to such a condition by refraining from accumulating, by avoidance of superfluities, by simplicity of life. He says: "Though trading in things useful and honest is a useful employ, yet through the great number of superfluities which are bought and sold, and through the corruption of the times, they who apply to merchandise for a living have great need to be well experienced in that precept which the prophet Jeremiah laid down for his scribe: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.'"

In the matter of temperance, he anticipated many of the conclusions of our day:—

"In the time of trading, I had an opportunity of seeing that the too liberal use of spirituous liquors and the custom of wearing too costly apparel led some people into great inconvenience; and that these two things appear to be often connected with each other. By not attending to that use of things which is consistent with universal righteousness, there is an increase of labour which extends beyond what our Heavenly Father intends for us. And by great labour, and often by much sweating, there is even amongst such as are not drunkards, a craving for liquors to revive the spirits, that partly by the luxurious drinking of some, and partly by the drinking of others (led to it through immoderate labour), very great quantities of rum are every year consumed in our colonies; the greater part of which we should have no need of did we steadily attend to pure wisdom.

"If those who profess to be disciples of Christ, and are looked upon as leaders of the people, have that mind in them which also was in Christ, and so stand separate from every wrong way, it is a means of help to the weaker."

In 1772, he felt it his duty to visit friends in England, more especially in its northern parts. Having gained the certificate of the monthly meeting at Burlington, he embarked at Chester in a ship bound for London. He took passage in the steerage, where he saw much of the daily life of sailors, which greatly distressed him. He says:



"How impure are the channels through which trade is conducted! How great is the danger to poor lads, who are exposed when placed on ship-board to learn the art of sailing! I often feel a tenderness of heart towards these poor lads, and at times look at them as though they were my children according to the flesh."

After a somewhat rough passage he landed in London, and went straight to the yearly meeting of Ministers and Elders which had just gathered. Of his first appearance there the following account is given in the *Friends' Review*.

"Coming in late and unannounced, his peculiar dress and manner excited attention, and apprehension that he was an itinerant enthusiast. He presented his certificate from Friends in America, but the dissatisfaction still remained, and some one remarked that perhaps the stranger Friend might feel that this dedication of himself to their apprehended service was accepted, without further labour, and that he might now feel free to return to his home. John Woolman sat silent for a space, seeking the unerring Counsel of Divine Wisdom. He was profoundly affected by the unfavourable reception he met with, and his tears flowed freely. In the love of Christ and his fellow-men he had, as a painful sacrifice, taken his life in his hands, and left behind the peace and endearment of home. That love still flowed out towards the people of England; must it henceforth be pent up in his own heart? He rose at last, and stated that he could not feel himself released from his prospect of labour in England. Yet he could not travel in the ministry without the unity of Friends; and while that was withheld, he could not feel easy to be any cost to them. He could not go back as had been suggested, but he was acquainted with a mechanical trade, and while the impediment to his services continued, he hoped Friends would be kindly willing to employ him in such business as he was capable of, that he might not be chargeable to any."

"A deep silence prevailed over the assembly, many of whom were touched by the wise simplicity of the stranger's words and manner. After a season of waiting, John Woolman felt that words were given him to utter as a minister of Christ. The Spirit of his Master bore witness to them in the hearts of his hearers. When he closed, the Friend who had advised against his services rose up and himself confessed his error, and avowed his full unity with the stranger. All doubt was removed; there was a general expression of unity and sympathy, and John Woolman, owned by his brethren, passed on to his work."

In his journeyings among the English Quakers he was much distressed at their participation in

the Slave Trade, at their trading in and use of superfluities, and at the furniture and style of living in their houses. After attending many meetings, he at last came to York to the quarterly gathering. Before it was over he was taken ill with small-pox. At first he refused the offer of a doctor, but at last left himself in the hands of his friends, who procured medical assistance. After about eight days of illness the end drew nigh, and just before it came he asked for pen and ink, and with much difficulty wrote:—

"I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ; I know not as to life or death."

His departure took place at the house of Thomas Priestman, on the seventh of the tenth month, 1772. Two days after his body was interred in the Friends' Burial Ground—a quiet and retired spot under the shadow of the wall which divides that place of sepulture from Dame Middleton's Hospital. Not far off lie the remains of Lindley Murray, the grammarian, and Hannah his wife, and William Tuke who did so much to mitigate the sufferings of the insane. On the unadorned monument is this inscription, "Near this place, John Woolman, of Mount Holly, New Jersey, North America, died, 7th 10th month, 1772, aged 51 years." The first stone erected having decayed, a second with the inscription quoted was erected by John S. Rowntree, an honoured member of the Society of Friends in York, with whom I recently visited the spot, and also the house in which Woolman died. The poet Whittier sent for photographs of these places, and they are visited by many of his countrymen. No places more hallowed are to be found in our English land.

So passed from earth a soul so transparent, that through it the Divine light shone with clear and steady lustre on all around. The Journal is a record of the spirit of a man whose feet trod the earth, but whose heart was with God. There is scarcely a trace of *theology* in the record, but it is full of *religion* of the purest and most spiritual kind. The absence of any distinctive theology brings the book within the range of men of all opinions. And our advice is that of Charles Lamb: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." To read the Journal is like passing from the murky atmosphere of a great city to some lofty mountain peak, in whose clear light the distant seems as if it were near.

It is much to be regretted that no portrait exists of John Woolman. It would have been pleasant to know what the outer man was like whose inner spirit was so entirely Christ-like.

I am glad, however, through the kindness of a friend at York, to be able to present my readers with a picture of the house in which this "whitest of the saints of God" passed away.



## DOCTOR DICK:

## A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

*Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

## HOPE'S FRUITION.

THE excitement in St. Ural on the following day was unprecedented. Gracey Grig's lonely cottage by the roadside was left to take care of itself from morning till eve, while Gracey discussed Irene Revill's second appearance upon the scene with the women of the village.

"There's no gittin' rid of sich," Gracey protested with quite unnecessary vehemence. "They always turn up unexpected. You can't do nawthin' with 'em. You can't drown 'em, or kill 'em, or bury 'em; an' they live to be as owld as Methus'lem."

"It's very funny," remarked Mrs. Minver meditatively.

"It's witches, that's what 'tes," said Gracey, with well-feigned scorn. "I pity poor Miss Tabitha,—she's fair under the spell."

"Well, I don't know 'bout that," was the meditative reply. "Seemin' to me——"

"Then you ought to know," interjected Gracey. "I've towld 'ee plain enough. Dedn' she bewitch young Trevanion? Dedn' she fly down a shaft to him an' not get hurt? Dedn' she fetch him back to life again when everybody said he was dead as a tombstone? Dedn' she vanish like a witch, leavin' no trace behind her? Why, Mrs. Minver, how can 'ee talk so?"

"Well, anyhow, Gracey, if she bewitched Trevanion, she's made a man of him. You seed 'n when he was here t'other day?"

"Iss, iss; he looks fine enough, but that's nawthin' to go by. Good job he's out of the way now. Likely enough she'll be playin' her tricks on somebody else, an' then vanishin' again. But nobody 'll be fooled into searchin' the pools an' shoadin' pits a second time."

To this, however, Mrs. Minver made no reply, and Gracey, with a grunt and a curl of the lip, transferred her company and her conversation to Mrs. Beswarrick next door. In this way Gracey made the circuit of the entire village, and managed to get three good meals by the manoeuvre.

That Irene should be regarded with more than ordinary curiosity when next she ventured into the village goes without saying. But her sweet, guileless face and clear, honest eyes did much to disarm criticism. In spite of Gracey's persistent advocacy, the witch theory broke down in a few

days; and when at length the story leaked out that she was a great heiress, Job Minver and Hosea Polwhele had their innings, and made the most of them.

By Christmas, Irene was able to indulge in the luxury of almsgiving on her own account, and, judging by her appearance, she had a good time of it. Indeed, everybody in St. Ural had a good time that Christmas, and local history declares that more geese and turkeys were demolished that year than ever before were seen in St. Ural.

That Irene's strange story should get into the papers was inevitable; and when at length her father's large estates came into her possession, *minus*, of course, a generous slice claimed by the lawyers, all the county families within twenty miles of St. Ural paid their respects to the heiress, and Miss Tabitha's modest dwelling became the centre of absorbing interest.

Irene found herself weighted down with invitations to balls and parties, to which, of course, Miss Tabitha was also invited. Such gaieties, however, were little in their way, and both ladies were too keen not to see the motive that underlay so much ostentation.

At Miss Tabitha's very urgent request Irene consented to stay at Ivyholme until Trevanion's return; but in reality she required very little urging. She was practically homeless still, and in a large measure friendless. Most of her early life she had spent away at school, and the friends of those days were scattered far and wide. Of course in Yarnley she knew a great many people by sight, but she had been so little at home for several years previous to the death of her father, that her attachment to them and to the place was only of the frailest character. Miss Tabitha seemed more like a mother to her than anybody else in the world, nor was there another in whom she could confide so freely. Hence she had nothing to draw her away from Ivyholme, and every inducement to stay.

Moreover, Dick Trevanion would be coming home in the spring, and she would like to see him again. Once, after her escape from Ravensclough, she had written him a timid letter, but it had come back to her again. He was in London at the time studying medicine. She was thankful now it had been returned, though she was distressed at the time.

Yes, she would like to see him again. During all those years of silence she had not forgotten



him. Scarcely a day had passed that he had not been more or less in her thoughts. And no one could tell the joy it was to her that he had braced himself so nobly for the struggle, and had won for himself such a splendid victory. Nor was it without a little thrill of pride that she remembered the part she had played.

Sometimes when Miss Tabitha was out of the room, she would sit with her hands locked across her knees, looking dreamily into the fire, thinking of that last afternoon she and Trevanion had spent together. How well she remembered his conversation, his look, his tone!

"I don't think he guessed my secret," she would say to herself. "How should he? But I think he loved me then,—I think he did. But that was so long ago, and he has seen so many fresh faces since, and men are fickle, they say, and do not love for ever and for ever as we women do."

As the time drew near for Trevanion's return, she got very restless and apprehensive. Sometimes she wished she had not consented to stay at Ivyholme. If he were lost to her—if in the long years since last they met he had learned to love another, it would be far better that she should never see him again. And yet she never suggested to Miss Tabitha the idea of going away. The magnet that held her was too powerful. If her judgment rebelled, her will was too weak to follow its lead.

April came at length, and two of its weeks passed away. Trevanion had expected to reach home by the end of March, and Miss Tabitha, as a consequence, became anxious and fidgety.

The weather was lovely. All the apple-trees were in blossom, the meadows were yellow with buttercups, and all the moors flamed with gorse. Irene spent most of her days out of doors; she loved the sunshine and the flowers, and revelled in the sweet air that swept across the billowy downs. Moreover, time passed more quickly out of doors, and she was getting anxious at Trevanion's non-arrival, and apprehensive that some evil had befallen him. She was afraid, too, if she remained indoors she would reveal her anxiety, and so betray her secret to Miss Tabitha's watchful eyes.

So the days passed slowly and painfully away. She did her best to be cheerful: discussed with forced animation matters she felt no interest in, and avoided as far as possible all subjects that might lead Miss Tabitha to talk of Trevanion.

One morning, however, she was startled out of a sound sleep by a loud knocking at her door.

"Yes; all right, come in," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

The next moment Miss Tabitha entered with a telegram in her hand.

"My dear," she began, "you ought to have

been up an hour ago. But what do you think? Dick has arrived."

"Arrived!" said Irene, looking round in bewilderment. "Is he downstairs?"

"Oh, not yet. I mean he has arrived in England. He will be here this evening by the five o'clock train."

"Well, I am glad he has not got drowned," Irene answered gaily; "for if he had, you would have broken your heart."

"I was getting very anxious," Miss Tabitha answered. "But make haste down, dear, or breakfast will spoil;" and she hurriedly left the room.

The excitement in Ivyholme that day was all the more intense because held so firmly in check. Miss Tabitha had one of her restless fits, and could do nothing. Irene shut herself in her room most of the forenoon and tried to read, but she only dreamed instead. After lunch she walked until she was tired. It was half-past four when she got back, and Miss Tabitha was just starting for the station.

"May I go with you, aunty?" she asked quietly.

"No, dear; you stay at home. I want to surprise him. He does not know even that you are alive, and I am not going to tell him. Go to your room and wait till you get a signal from me, then come down. Won't it be fun?"

"I don't know. Mr. Trevanion may see no fun in it at all."

"Nevertheless, dear, do as I tell you, and I will chance all the rest."

Three-quarters of an hour later, Irene, looking out of the window with fast-beating heart, saw the phaeton returning.

"Yes, here he is," she said to herself, and she placed her hand to her side, for her heart was beating at a most uncomfortable rate.

As the vehicle drew nearer, she saw his face more clearly. Evidently he was in good spirits too, for he was laughing and chatting with Miss Tabitha in the gayest mood.

"He doesn't think of me," she said, with a little sigh. "I am supposed to be dead, and so am forgotten."

A few minutes later they had reached the gate, and she was able to get a full view of his face without being seen.

He was tanned with ocean winds and a southern sun, and Irene had to confess to herself that he was handsomer than he had ever been in the old days. There was such a clear, honest light in his eyes, too, and such a manly carriage of his head.

"Oh, he is handsome!" she said, clasping her hands. "I wonder if it would be better had I never seen him again?"

A little later, his cheery voice sounded in the



hall, and floated up the stairs and into her room. It touched her heart like a strain of forgotten music, and sent the blood rushing in a torrent to her neck and face.

Then followed a period of silence. He had gone to wash away the stains of his long journey and dress for dinner, and she got out of her chair and began to dress also. "I have a right to look my best," she said to herself, with a pathetic smile. And verily, when she had completed her toilet, she never looked more sweet or winsome.

She began to grow impatient at last for the signal. She heard the hum of voices in the drawing-room below. He was talking with Miss Tabitha, describing perhaps what he had seen during his long absence, and she was forgotten.

"I ought not to feel disappointed," she said to herself, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. "He does not know I am here, and Miss Tabitha, in the excitement of the moment, has forgotten me."

So the moments travelled slowly on. She pulled up her chair to the window and looked out over the landscape; but she had no eyes for its beauties to-day. The westering sun was washing the moors with gold, and overhead the fleecy clouds were constantly showing new combinations of colour; but it might have been night for all she saw.

Then suddenly the signal was given, and she rose to her feet with a start. She paused a moment before the mirror to arrange the flower in her bosom, then quickly passed out on the landing and down the stairs. Her heart was beating at fever speed, but her face was quite calm and composed.

"It is really exceedingly kind of you, Miss Penwithiel," Trevanion was saying, "and I shall never be able to repay you. I never——"

When the door suddenly opened behind him, and Irene glided into the room.

"Allow me, Dick, to introduce you to——" Miss Tabitha began, but she did not complete the sentence.

Dick started to his feet in a moment, and turned toward the door, then staggered as though he would have fallen.

"Have you quite forgotten me?" she said, in low, musical tones.

"Miss Revill!" he gasped. "Irene! Can it be possible?"

"Yes, it is I," she answered, her eyes shining brightly.

"Kept alive for me," he said, as though speaking to himself. The next moment she was in his arms, his lips raining passionate kisses upon her forehead.

"Why, Dick!" exclaimed Miss Tabitha in con-

sternation. Irene seemed too astonished to speak.

"Pardon me," he said, taking her two trembling hands in his, and looking her full in the eyes. "For years you have been my dream-wife. You have had all my heart. I have never thought of another. I never shall. You belong to me, and I belong to you. Living or dead, we belong to each other. Is that so, Irene?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered softly, looking fearlessly into his eyes.

Then he stooped and kissed her again.

"But really, Dick," Miss Tabitha began, "is this the time for such an exhibition? I—I—well, I never anticipated such a *contre-temps*. Clearly I am *de trop*;" and with great agitation Miss Tabitha swept out of the room.

"And you are really alive?" Dick said when Miss Tabitha had gone; as though he could not yet realize the truth, and he led her to a couch and sat down by her side, still holding her hands.

"Yes," she said smilingly, "I am really alive."

"And you have cared for me all the while?"

"Yes, always."

"But for you I should have been in hell," he answered solemnly. "Present or absent, you have been my inspiration and hope. God sent you to St. Ural to save me."

"I was afraid you might have forgotten me," she said, with downcast eyes.

"Forgotten you, darling, when I owe all that I am or ever hope to be to you?"

"No, not to me," she said quickly.

"Yes, to you, under God."

"Ah, that is different. All our good comes from Him."

So they talked till the dinner gong sounded, and then they walked arm-in-arm to the dining-room.

Miss Tabitha sat at the head of the table, very stiff, and somewhat ruffled. She felt greatly shocked at the scene she had just witnessed. Before the dinner was over, however, she had nearly recovered. Trevanion's high spirits and merry laughter proved too much for her. Her reserve was bound to thaw, and after "thanks" were returned, she gave them both her blessing.

She cried just a little over Irene. "I know you will be happy with him," she said. "You know, dear, I knew his father. Yes, I knew his father;" and kissing Irene again, she walked out of the room.

The next day, when Trevanion and Irene walked through St. Ural together, everybody said what a handsome couple they were, and that if they didn't become man and wife some day, it would be a burning shame, as they seemed just fitted for each other.



But the lovers knew nothing of the conversation that was carried on. Outside the Miners' Arms they paused for a few moments, and looked at the wooden bench that slowly rotted under the window-sill. Then they passed on in front of Sammy Poad's cottage, and stopped for a moment to say "How d'ye do" to Susan. Then out across the downs to the Hollow, where Dick had fought more than one fierce battle with himself. Then on to the lane that sloped down into Poldu.

Dick recalled to Irene the evening when she got out of the phaeton to gather the hyacinth, but on second thoughts left it where it was.

"Oh, yes, I remember it well," she said, with sparkling eyes.

"I have the flower yet," he answered. "It is dry and withered, and all its colour and fragrance are gone, but I shall never part with it."

"And yet you gave me no hint that you cared for me," she said demurely.

"How could I?" he answered. "I was but half out of the slough, and feared lest at any moment I might slip back again. Oh, Rene, to think I have won you at last!"

"And that I have won you," she said, with a happy smile.

But there is no need we should pursue the story further. Dr. Trevanion is well known in

the profession to-day. On questions relating to the action of alcohol he is regarded as an authority. Some of his friends do not approve of what they call his Temperance and Philanthropic fads. But they nevertheless acknowledge his skill, as well as the absolute sincerity of his motives. If they knew more of his early life, perhaps they would understand him better. But in the West End of London, where he is winning an ever-widening practice, that page of his life is unknown.

Turton Hall is now a "Home" for young men who have fallen through drink, all the expense being borne by Trevanion's wife; but the number of young men who have been already rescued, she and her husband regard as abundant compensation for the outlay.

In St. Ural, the story of his life is often told, and it is only natural, perhaps, that he should be claimed as a St. Uralite, and equally natural that Rutherford should dispute the claim. The St. Uralites, however, pay no heed to what the people of Rutherford say. It was St. Ural, and St. Ural alone, that witnessed his struggles and his triumphs; and when they recount the deeds of the famous men of St. Ural—and, alas! there have not been too many of them—they never forget to place high on the list the name of Dr. Dick Trevanion.

THE END.

## ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

*Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.*

MY letters this month are unusually interesting, and introduce a variety of topics. One of these topics may be roughly generalised as, "Why should I go to church? Or, why, even if I am a Christian man, should I be a member of a Church?" Now I am far from arguing that a man may not be a good man, and yet stand outside all the Churches, for it is quite obvious that Christianity is a larger term than the Church. One of the earliest lessons Peter had to learn, before he could be fitted for his apostolate, was that there was a Church which was vaster than the Churches, and that all who feared God and worked righteousness in every nation were its members. And, undoubtedly, we meet men who, standing outside all Churches, are comparable at every point where character and the service of humanity are concerned with those who are within the Churches. So far I grant ungrudgingly the contentions of my correspondents, for they are contentions justified by my own observation and experience. But we cannot stop at this point, for in these very contentions there are important admissions.

My correspondents virtually admit that the Church has set a high type of character when they say that men outside are *as good as* men within. A little further thought will lead to another conclusion; viz., that upon the whole there are more men of the highest type of character within the Church than outside it. Undoubtedly there is much selfishness, insincerity, formalism, and blindness among the Churches, but in our day I think there is little conscious hypocrisy. I do not remember to have met, in twenty years' experience, a deliberate hypocrite in the ranks of Church fellowship. Charles Dickens, by his grotesque creations of Chadband and Stiggins, is largely responsible for the notion that hypocrisy is common in Churches. Upon the whole, I should say that in our day there is a deep and vital passion in all the Churches for reality, a straining after a high type of character, and a true consecration of conduct. If I were asked to define the Church, I should say that it is an association of the best men and women, working by the best means they know



to achieve the best purposes. And if the Church really is this, why should good men stand outside it, and what advantage is there in so doing?

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But there is also another point worthy of note. When we say that there are men of high character and unquestioned goodness outside the Churches, we need to ask from what source did they derive their goodness and high character? In every instance you must answer, "From Christianity, in its direct or indirect influences; and its direct influence means the Church." It is absurd to point to some noble-minded agnostic like John Morley, and say, "See how good a man can be without religion," because in the truest sense John Morley is religious, and has imbibed the finest essences of Christianity at every pore. I myself know agnostics of the purest life and noblest temper: but I know also that they were once Christians, that they had mothers who prayed, that their minds were saturated with the Bible in early life, and that if they are the noble men and women they are to-day, it is not because of their agnosticism but in spite of it. The fact is that no man born in England can escape the influence of Christianity. Our entire literature is pervaded with the ideals of Christ: a man cannot read Shakespeare or Milton, or the great essayists, or the great historians, to say nothing of writers of distinct moral or philosophical aims, without imbibing Christianity. Nay, more, he cannot read the daily paper without this subtle essence of Christian truth passing into his mind, and colouring his thought and conduct. In a country like ours Christianity is the soul that moves behind all the body of laws, government, customs, literature, life: we can as little escape it as we can escape the atmosphere we breathe. It is absurd, therefore, to judge how life can grow—and to assume that it can grow into forms of permanent nobleness—without religion, because we have no means to test such a conclusion. We can only conduct such an inquiry with fairness if we make it among a people wholly ignorant of the Bible, and shut off from the stream of Christian ideas which flows across the globe. As it is now, our very sceptics are as much the children of Christianity as our saints; and when we say that there are as good men outside the Church as within it, we have need to remember that those outside, not less than those inside, owe their goodness to a common source—the influence of Christ upon the soul.

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In regard to the question of joining a Church, which *B. M'C. (Forfarshire)* puts to me, I can only say that this must be left to a man's own judgment and conscience; but that, at all events, there is nothing to be ashamed of in doing it.

If joining a Church means the formal profession of certain theological dogmas, then a man must needs hesitate, for to keep one's spiritual integrity and intellectual honesty counts for more than membership in the best Church on earth. But, as a rule, such tests are not enforced. A man joins a Church because he is in general accord with its teaching, and because he desires to help it in efforts for the common good. And I say emphatically that the notion of shame in joining an august association, which through the ages and centuries has worked for the best interests of the human race, is shameful to him who can feel it. I know it is the fashion to ridicule the church-going youth, and no doubt sometimes he is something of a pharisee and still more of a prig. But in nine points out of ten he is immeasurably the superior of the youth who ridicules him. He has, at least, some interests in life better worthy of a man than the latest ballet at the music halls or the last odds upon a horse. And one thing experience has taught us: when the hour comes for a nation to make demands upon its manhood, when leaders are needed for great civic causes, and volunteers for vast philanthropic ventures, it is to the Church that the nation must look. More than three-fourths of the entire philanthropic work of England to-day is directly supported by the Churches. The children of the Churches are not children that any nation need be ashamed of; they number such names as Gordon, Havelock, Lawrence, Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, and a host in our day which is without number. With all their faults the Churches are still producing the best manhood of the nation, and for the youth who thinks of joining the Church there are two alternatives: if he is so much better than the run of Church members, he should join a Church to make them better; and if they are so much nobler in character and life than he, then he should join them, that he may learn their secret.

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It is really somewhat amusing to be brought back suddenly to the days of *Todd's Student's Manual*, and of the omniscient Todd's views of fiction. *Juvenis* is startled and troubled because my views of fiction do not square with Todd's. Well, let us hear Todd. Of Walter Scott he says, "There is such a magic thrown around him, that it cannot but be we are safe there. [I am glad to know that magic is a safe thing. Mr. Stead will please note.] Is this so? No. The very strength of the spell should warn you that there is danger in putting yourself in his power. While I have confessed that I have read him, read him entire, in order to show that I speak from experience, I cannot but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as it is



in its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it." The conscientious Todd need not have alarmed himself; his example will not be quoted. Even the temerity of Todd in reading Scott entire is incapable of shocking us. Still his book is worth quoting, if only for the unconscious humour of it. Think of Todd going on, further, to heap upon one common pyre, without the smallest attempt at discrimination, Byron, Moore, Hume, Paine, Bulwer and Cooper (poor Cooper, what had he done?), and concluding that men such as these, with "talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world." But that was the way of Todd. When he begins a rolling sentence he cannot stop, and he has no scruple about using the day of judgment to round off his rhetoric. I should say that, upon the whole, no book ever made more prigs, of the most captious and cocksure variety, than *Todd's Student's Manual*, and I would respectfully suggest that his book be not disinterred from that merciful oblivion which has long since covered both it and its writer.

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But, since it is possible that there are still a few youths like *Juvenis*, who, in the indiscriminate book-hunger of youth, may turn to Todd, it is perhaps as well to state in plain capitals that TODD IS DEAD. And, indeed, nothing can be more significant than the different way we have of looking at literature and life to-day. The fact is, Todd only sums up, after all, the old, blind, unintelligent detestation of fiction and the lighter forms of literature, which existed on the part of good people fifty years ago. It was the spirit at which Matthew Arnold flung endless jibes, and not without effect. I can partly recollect the days myself—the stealth with which a novel was introduced into the house, the fearful joy we had in reading it, the scruples of the boyish conscience which followed, and the slow change of thought, largely produced by Sunday magazines which began to print fiction, and so persuaded good folks that what was fit for Sunday could not be very bad any way. It may be that we have gone to the other extreme to-day; but it is only fair to remember that a great part of modern fiction deals with urgent social and religious problems, and that taking the fiction of England and America as a whole, it is the purest and noblest in the world. It seems to me that the day is not far off when any one who has anything to teach will find fiction his only weapon for reaching the multitude. And, after all, what is fiction? It is an enlarged form of fable, and fable is as old as the world, and finds some of its finest examples in certain of the

apologues of the Old Testament, and particularly in the parables and incident-paintings of Christ. No; I do not hesitate to send young men to Scott and Kingsley as to wise teachers, and the life that follows their lead will have some of the best and manliest of qualities in it. It is too late to quote Todd and his blundering pharisaism: this is 1894, and "the thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns," since Todd prophesied to the unhappy youth of England.

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I am afraid that the task of naming the ten best books for a young man beginning life, which *R. E. S. (Liverpool)* sets me, is beyond even my audacity. So much depends on personal taste, on the quality of a man's mind, and on his scheme of life. But I think the first two that would suggest themselves to me, as being not only in themselves delightful, but full of fine material for thought, would be *Plutarch's Lives in Langhorne's Translation*, and *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. In the first book we have antique heroism, in the second modern. And both share one common quality—a perpetual freshness of interest, and a power of stimulating the best impulse and purpose. If a man's tastes are at all toward the classics, he cannot do better than add to these Jowett's famous translation of Plato, in which the finest wisdom of Greece still breathes its message to the ages. And then, who could think of choosing ten books without including Shakespeare, in which all human life is mirrored; and Wordsworth, whose spiritual influence is the most permanent in English literature, and is bound to grow, because he is as truly the prophet of modern England as Socrates was of ancient Greece. Nor would it be possible in history to miss Gibbon, in biography to omit Carlyle, in art to forget Ruskin, or in religion to pass over such a book as Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, or *Kingsley's Life*, which, in spite of many defects, remains one of the most stimulating biographies ever published. If Carlyle can only be had in one volume, let it be *Heroes*; if Ruskin, let it be *Modern Painters*. Add to these a good dictionary, which to me is always one of the most interesting of books, and the English Bible, and you have a list which is sufficient to enable any man who reads with a student's mind to become a cultured man, even if he should read nothing else. Let two years, not of desultory reading, but of serious study, be given to these books, and the effect upon a man's mind must be enormous; and, let me add, there is many a youth who might easily accomplish such a course, if he gave to daily study the amount of time he gives to the ephemeral sweepings of the printing office.

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*E. W. (Tring)* asks a treatise, rather than a



mere note, when he desires me to explain what is meant by the inspiration of the Bible. He asks, do I believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible? Certainly not; nor does any other man who is capable of giving the subject really intelligent thought. For what does such a theory imply? That all parts of the Bible are of equal importance, which is preposterous, for who would think of comparing a list of genealogies in the book of Kings, with the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel? That there is no error in any part of the Bible, whereas it is certain that there are errors, though mainly on matters of small moment, and such as would be likely to happen in transcription. That the mind of God is expressed alike in every part of the Bible; which, if true, would make God the author of the imprecatory psalms, the violence and bitterness of which can never be reconciled with the Christian spirit. No; verbal and mechanical inspiration is clearly impossible, and to insist upon it is simply to drive intelligent men into complete revolt against religion. But while the Bible is not verbally inspired, I hold that it is the record and result of inspiration: the history of the mind of God acting on the minds of men in many ages, with an ever-increasing clearness and fullness; not in such a way as to preclude human error, but in such a way as to convey the deepest and most spiritual truths to the world, with such a completeness and unity of design, that upon the whole we are satisfied that they are of Divine origin. The only true test of the inspiration of the Bible is, that there is no book in the world that can be set beside it. We could not gather vast audiences all over the globe week by week to study Shakespeare or Plato, nor is there any book that has ever had the highest aspirations of the race in anything like the same degree. In such parts as are purely historical we have such errors as might be expected, and the writers write with the limitations of their own times and minds. But, after all, such errors are so few that the miracle of the Bible is that they are few, especially when we consider that the Bible is a collection of books, written by widely varying men, in widely differing epochs of the world's history. To any one who cares to pursue this subject further, I would recommend Dr. Horton's book on *Inspiration*, and Dr. Washington Gladden's *Who Wrote the Bible*. For me the nett result of all modern

research into the history and growth of the Bible is simply to confirm the belief of its Divine origin; and the larger and more rational views of inspiration have strengthened my faith, while the old, narrow, and irrational views, which went by the name of verbal inspiration, did very much to shock and revolt it.

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BRIEF REPLIES.—*Esca*: When a man rhymes "year" with "four," it is pretty obvious that he has very elementary ideas of what constitutes poetry. You make this excruciating attempt at rhyme in the first two lines of your poem, and as the Americans say, "I felt discouraged," and couldn't read any more.—*R. C. (Clapton)* is not much better. He rhymes "men" with "vain." He also has an extraordinary mingling of metaphor, which put into prose, reads thus: that Hope would be a comfort to us "amid the dark and surging waves That wash around our mortal graves." How can waves wash our graves? And if we are in our graves, what good is hope to us, or anything else?—*T. H.*: Your little sketch of *Penny* is immature, of course, but it has promise. Persevere.—*J. M. (Rothsay)*: A man who has committed an evil act can only regain self-respect by living the evil down. In the first agony of remorse, it is natural for us to think that we can never be at peace with ourselves again. But a wiser gospel teaches us to "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." Discipline yourself in strenuous right, and you will gradually conquer the evil and regain your self-respect.—*Excelsior* must apply at the office of the local Registrar for the information he needs.—*Poetic (Shetland)*: Read the best poets, and study their methods and metres. The first stage of art is always imitative, and imitation, if it is not servile, is an excellent discipline.—*S. D. T.* will find *George A. Smith's Isaiah* (Hodder & Stoughton) and *Stier's Words of Lord Jesus* (Clark, Edinburgh) admirable books for his purpose.—*H. (Portsmouth)*: Don't talk of a vile habit getting the upper hand of you, and then put it down to "Nature." This is cant and folly. If you are a man, you will get the upper hand of your habit, and you can.—*W. F. (Edinburgh)*: No doctor is necessary if your general health is good. You are merely frightening yourself. Marry and be happy.—*W. H. B. (Trowbridge)*: At sixteen to be without hope! This is merely the hysterics of boyhood. Try to live the best life you know, and leave the rest. He who does the will of God knows the doctrine.—*Constant Reader (Elford)*: The lines "For right is right" are Faber's. The other poem narrates a real incident in the life of Romney the painter.

\* \* \* OUR new weekly journal, *The New Age*, is making excellent progress. The average weekly circulation of the first four numbers was upwards of 56,000 copies. We are publishing a short series of very interesting interviews with leading journalists on "Journalism as a Career for Young Men," and a serial story by Mr. Joseph Hocking,

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